

MARVEL

MAY

COMICS

MYSTERY

No. 7

10¢



HUMAN TORCH



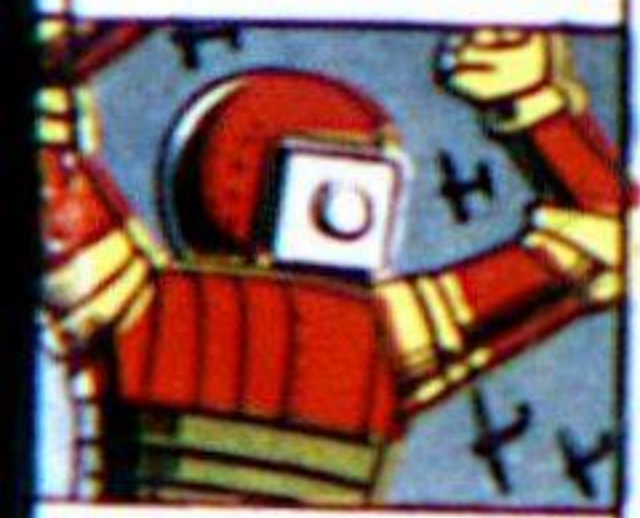
KA-ZAR



THE ANGEL



SUB-MARINER



ELECTRO



FERRET



Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT *with* LIE DETECTOR

MAIL THE
COUPON
TO START

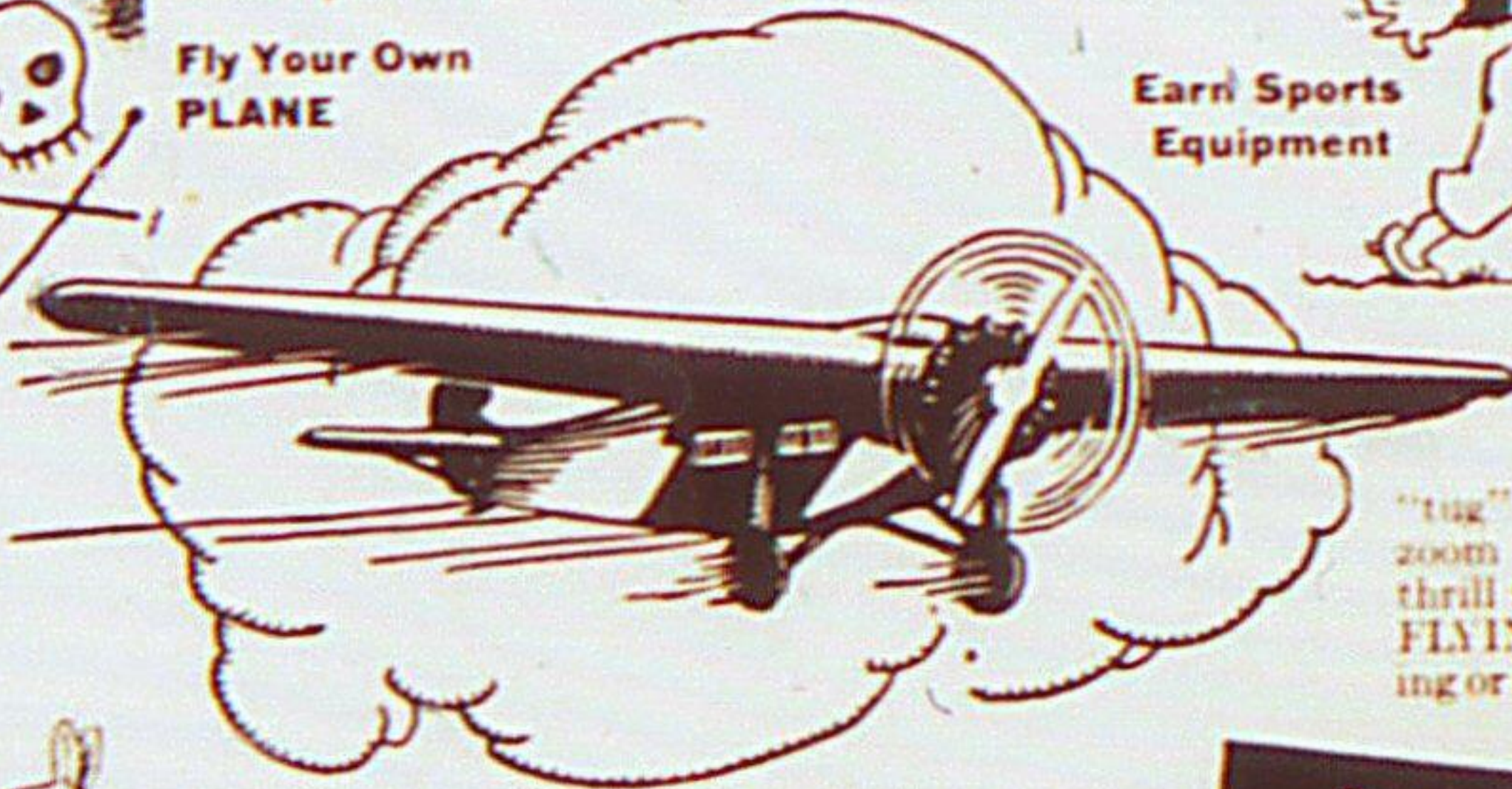


Earn This Thrilling Prize or Any of 300 Others and Make Spending Money Every Week, Besides!

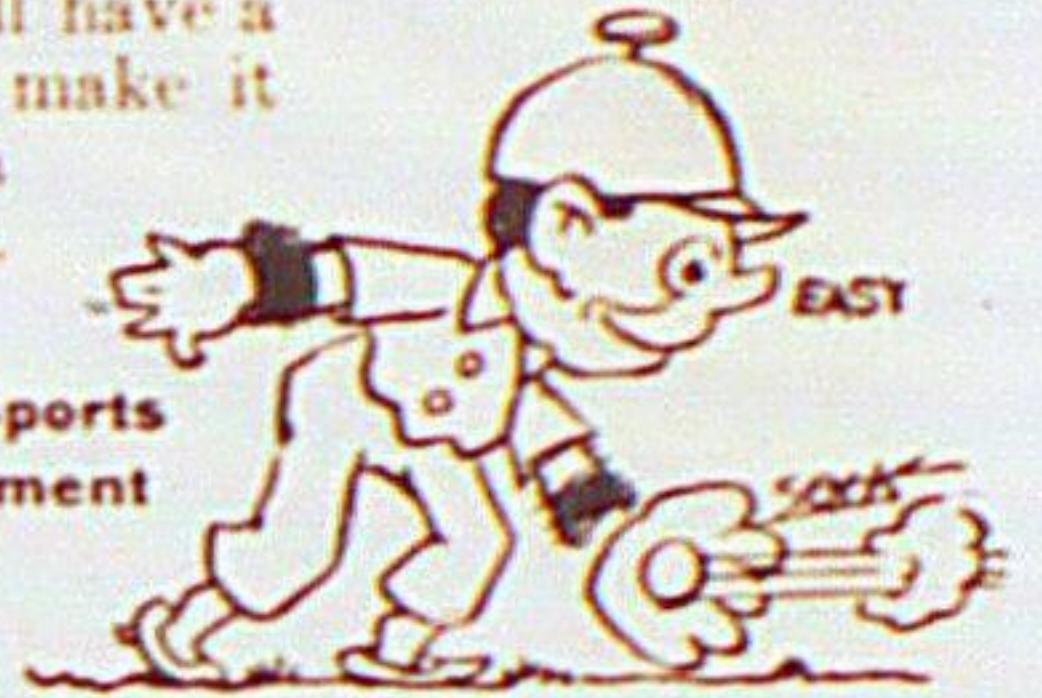
SH-H-H! Here's the secret. You can become a Junior G-Man with this scientific outfit. Includes 100-power microscope, radial lie detector, chemicals, and mysterious dyes. Pounce upon that strange fingerprint, run down the "suspect," then slap a lie detector on his arm as you begin your questioning. One of the most thrilling games imaginable.

This is but one of the many prizes you can earn, besides making your own **MONEY**. It's easy. Just deliver our popular magazines to people you obtain as customers in your neighborhood. Soon you'll have a money-making, prize-earning business. We'll make it so easy for you to start that you can earn a model plane kit the first day. Mail coupon NOW.

**Fly Your Own
PLANE**



**Earn Sports
Equipment**



With our book of inside dope you can soon pull amazing feats of magic that will make your chums goggle-eyed! Get in on the fun. Earn prizes. Make money. To start, mail coupon.

**Become
an Ace
Magician**



Speedy Streamlined Bike

IMAGINE yourself diving out of bed, racing downstairs, and finding THIS bike on your doorstep. Imagine leaping upon the cushion-soft saddle, pressing the pedals, and zooming down the street with a flash! Large balloon tires, side-kick stand, matched horn and headlight!

This need not be an idle dream. You can have a bike of your own. You can have other dandy prizes, such as a gold watch, a movie machine, or a portable typewriter. You can have **MONEY** jingling in your pockets. The way to do it is to build up a business of your own, and deliver our magazines in your neighborhood. It's easy to start. Mail the coupon now.

**THIS BIKE
CAN BE
YOURS!**



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept.
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Sure I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes and make my own spending money. Send me your PRIZE BOOK showing nearly 300 prizes boys can earn, and help me get off to a flying start.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

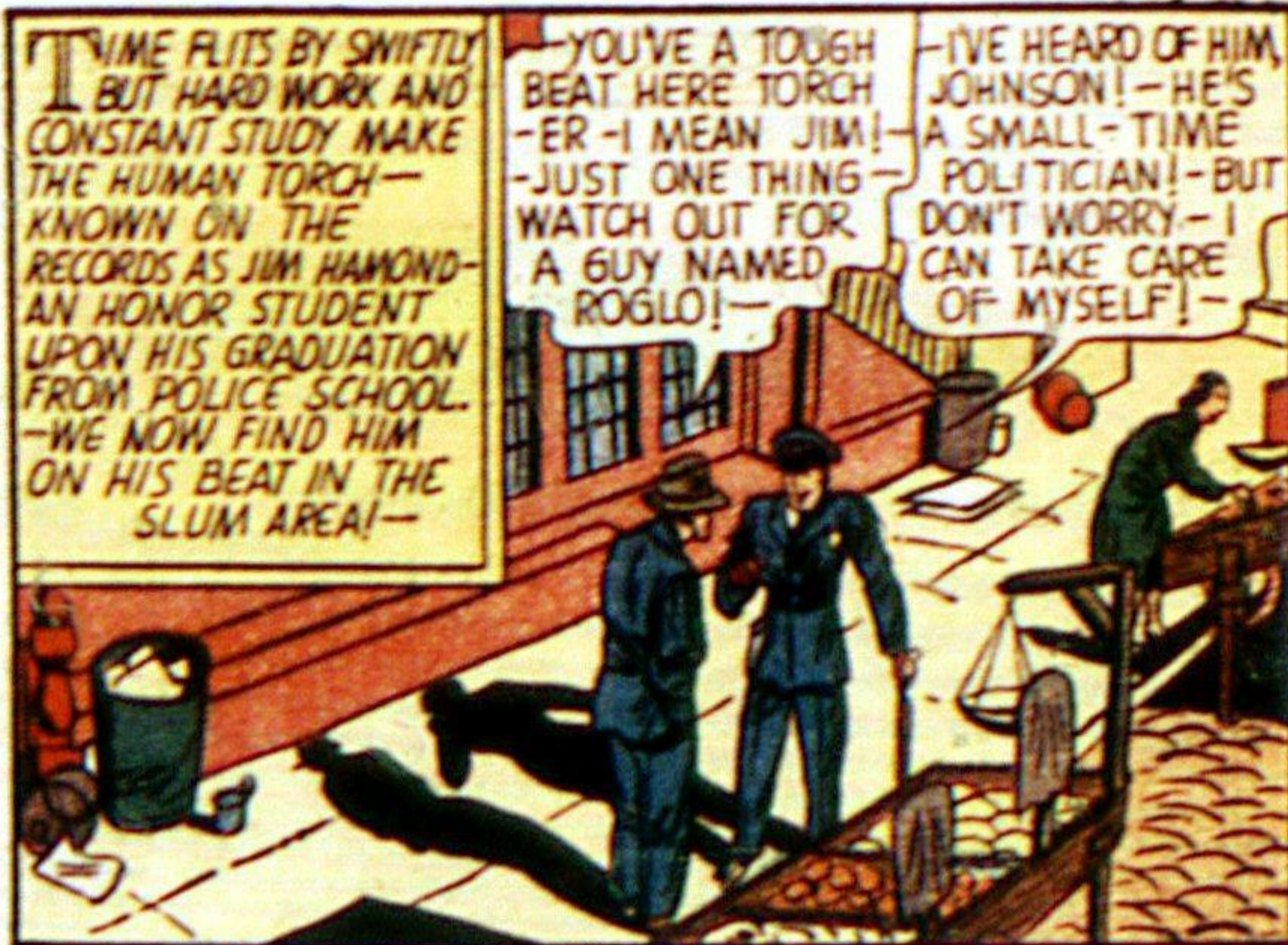
Your
Age _____



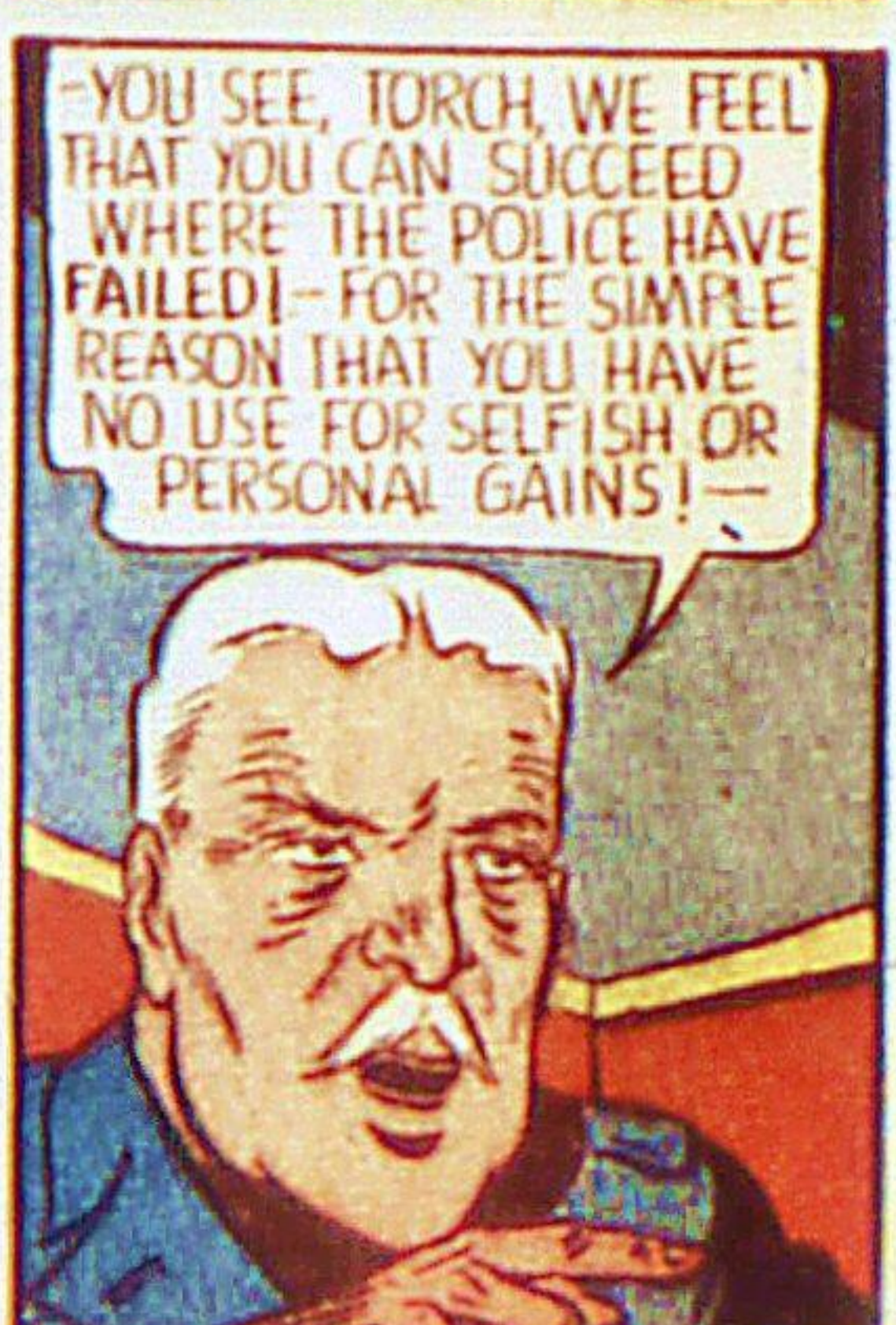
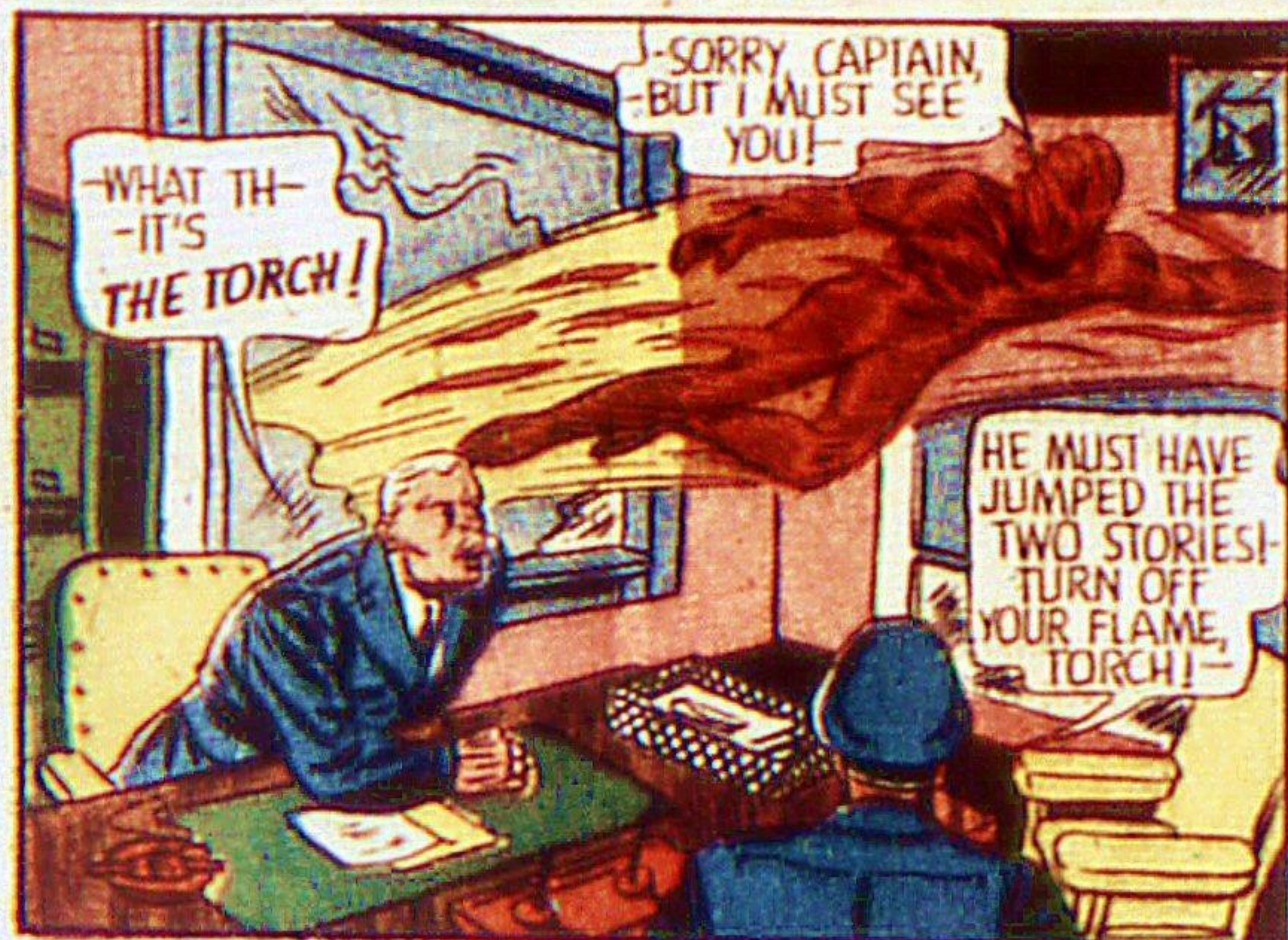
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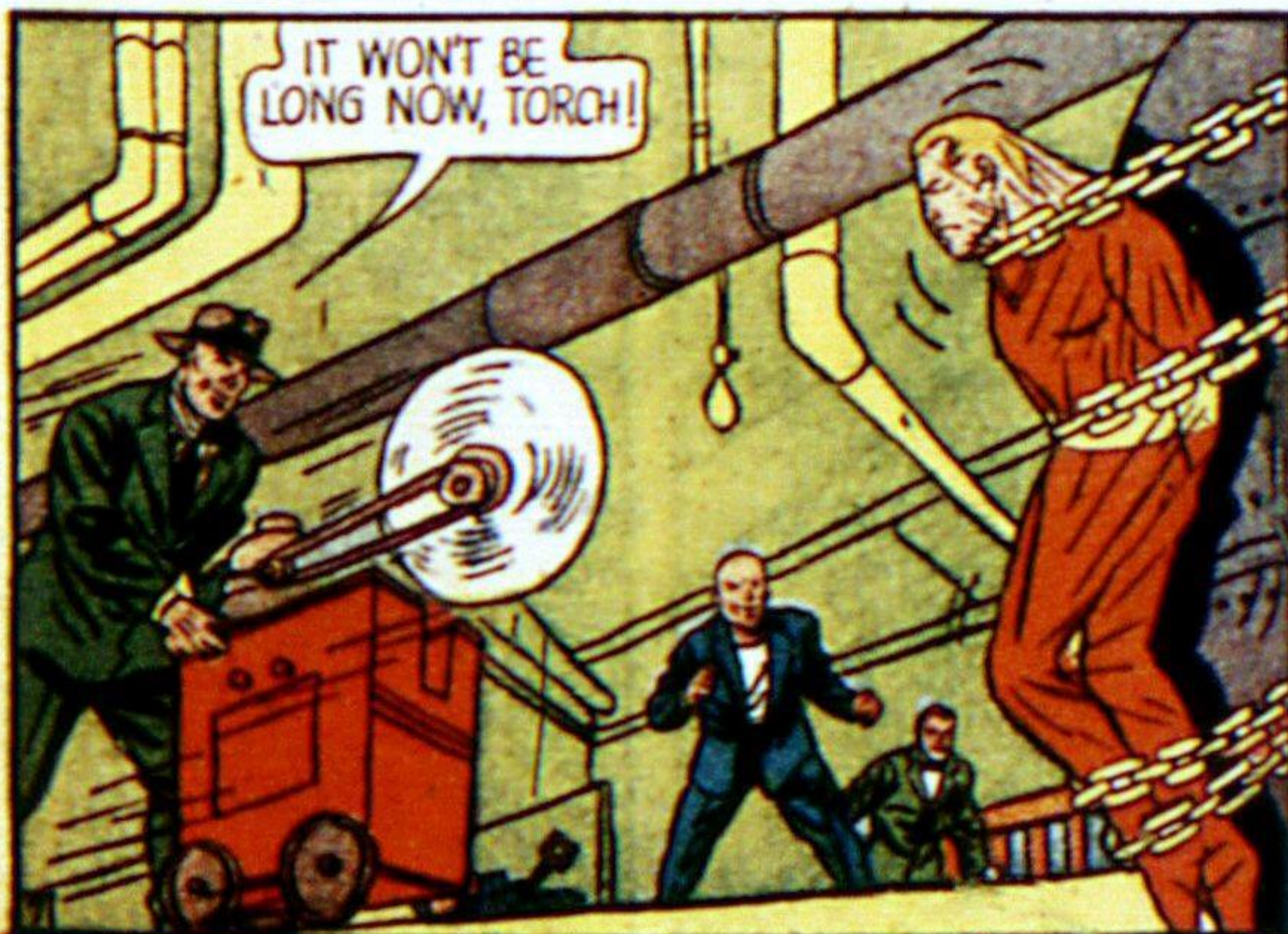
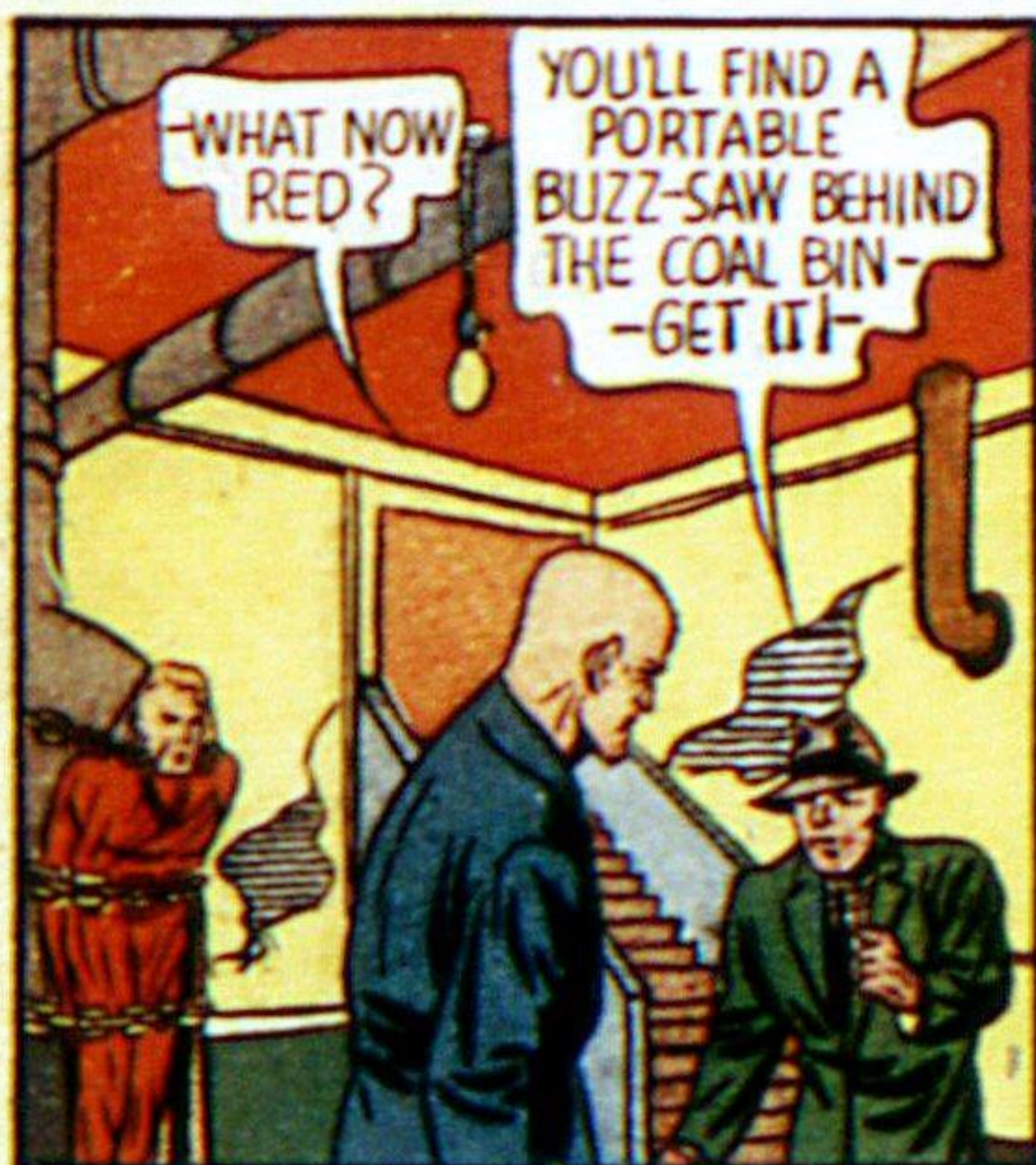












-THE TORCH INSTANTLY MELTS HIS BONDS. DIVING AT THE SAWING MACHINE, REDUCES IT TO A LIQUID-AS RED'S HENCHMEN OPEN FIRE!



LOOK!!!
OUR GUNS!-



-A WOBBLY STREAK OF FLAME IS THE TORCH'S ANSWER-BOTH MEN STARE AS THEY WATCH THEIR GUNS MELT!-

-I SAW RED SHOOT UP THE STAIRS!-I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK!-



-NOW TO LAND BEFORE RED GETS AWAY!-



-TAKING A MIGHTY LEAP, THE TORCH BURNS HIS WAY THRU FLOOR AFTER FLOOR WITH HIS BLAZING BODY!-

-AND FINALLY THRU THE ROOF!-

-THERE HE GOES!-



-I COULD STOP HIM EASILY -BUT, LET THE SAP THINK HE MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE!-



-IT'S MY GUESS HE'LL LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO ROGLO!-







-ROARING BLAZES!-THE FLAMES
SPREAD TO THE ADJOINING
BUILDINGS! THE WHOLE
BLOCK'S AFIRE!-



-IN A FLASH, THE TORCH
REACHES THE STREET!-

-WITH A MIGHTY LEAP AND
YELL, THE TORCH SOARS OVER
THE BLOCK, AND THE FLAMES
FOLLOW THEIR MASTER!



-WHAT'S THIS
BELOW?-H'MM,
A RIVER AND A
NEAT PLACE TO
DUMP THE
FLAMES!

TO THE CAR!-WE'VE
GOT TO BEAT IT!-
HURRY!-THE
TORCH!-HE
SPOTTED US!-



DID YOU SEE THAT
ROGLO?-YOU COULDN'T
COLLECT A NICKEL'S
WORTH OF INSURANCE
NOW!



-THE DEVIL WITH TRAFFIC
LIGHTS!-FASTER, THE
TORCH IS AFTER US!-

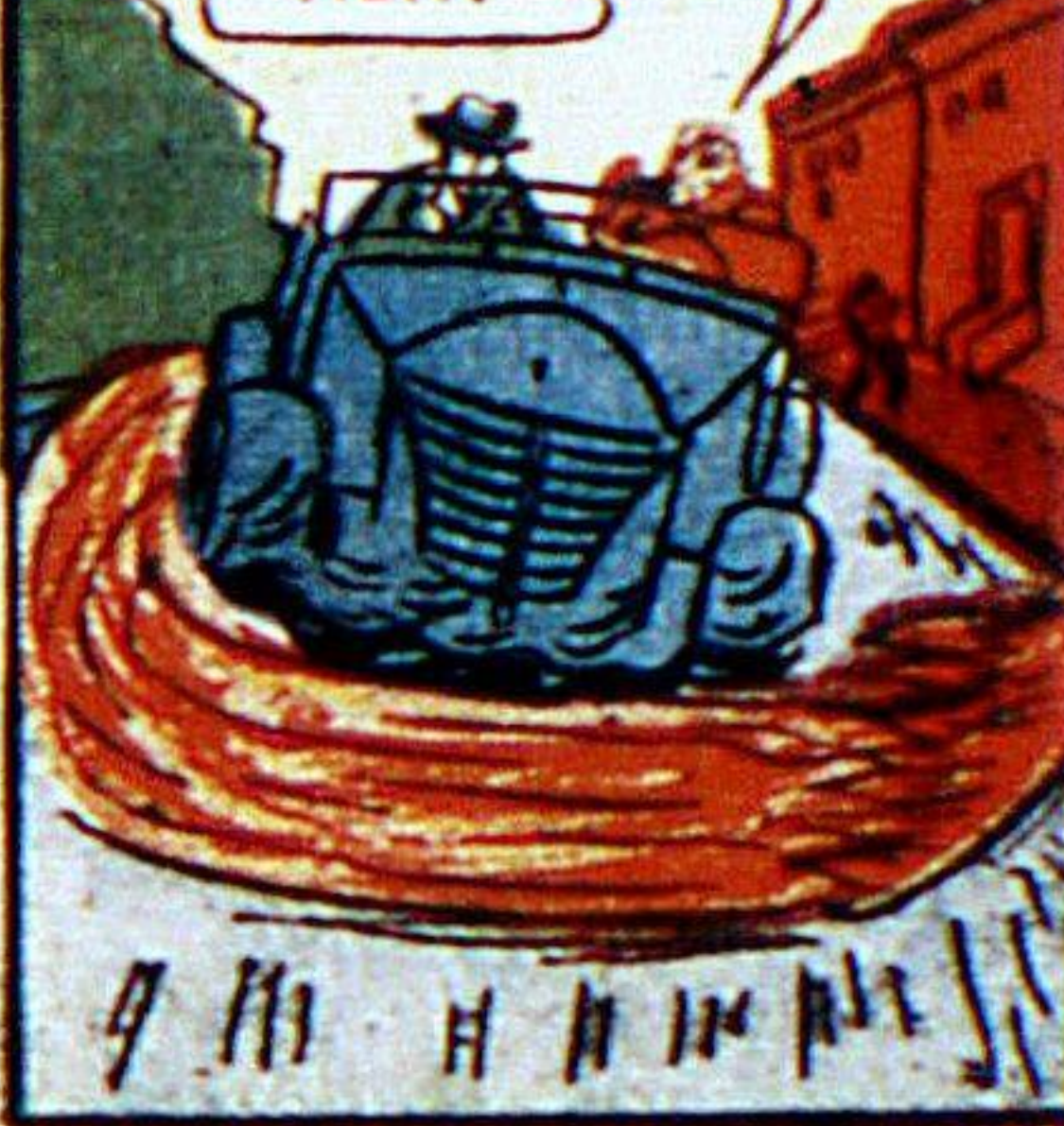


-OKAY BOSS!
-HERE GOES!

-HAH!-I'LL JUST FLIP MY
ARM AND LET THIS SHEET
OF FLAME DO IT'S DUTY!-



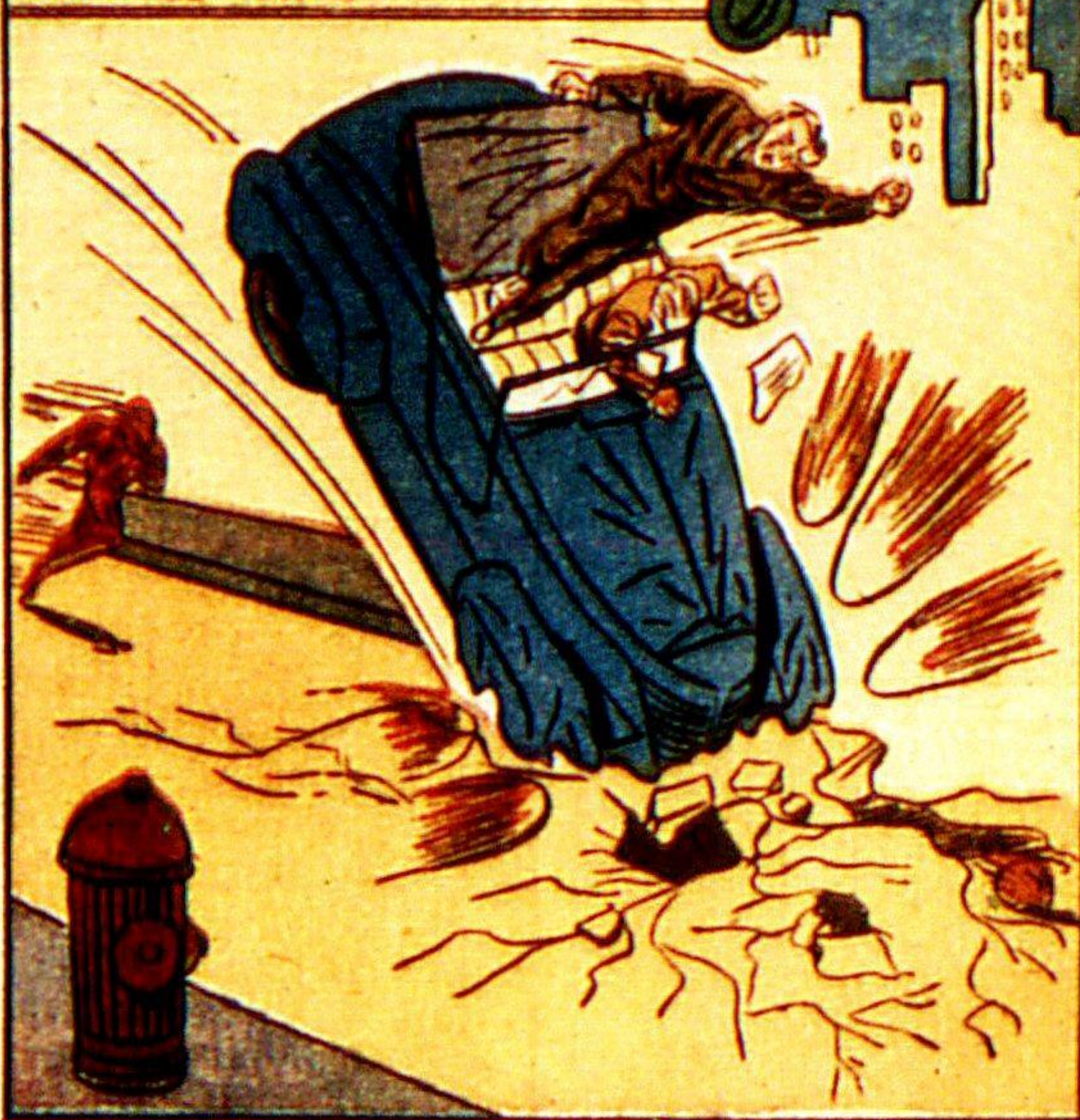
-WHAT TH'-IT CAN'T BE! THAT
FLAME SHOT PAST OUR CAR
-AND MELTED OUR FRONT
WHEELS!-I CAN'T STOP
HER!-



-AND HERE'S A FIRE-BALL FOR GOOD MEASURE, RATS!-



-THE SUPER HEAT OF THE FIRE-BALL SPLITS THE STREET.



-THE TORCH THEN TURNS OFF HIS FLAME AND RUSHES FOR ROGLO

THAT'S FOR TRYING TO DO AWAY WITH ME!



-STOP! TAKE ME TO HEAD QUARTERS, I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING!-



-AND THIS WILL BE ONE TIME, ROGLO WHEN ALL YOUR POLITICAL DRAG WILL FAIL YOU, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO BOOK YOU FOR MURDER!



HEY! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?-

-IT'S A RIOT! CALL!- THE SUBMARINER IS WRECKING THE CITY!



-SUBMARINER?- WHO'S HE?-

??!



NEXT MONTH
ANOTHER COMPLETE
HUMAN TORCH
PICTURE
ACTION
STORY

The ANGEL



master of men



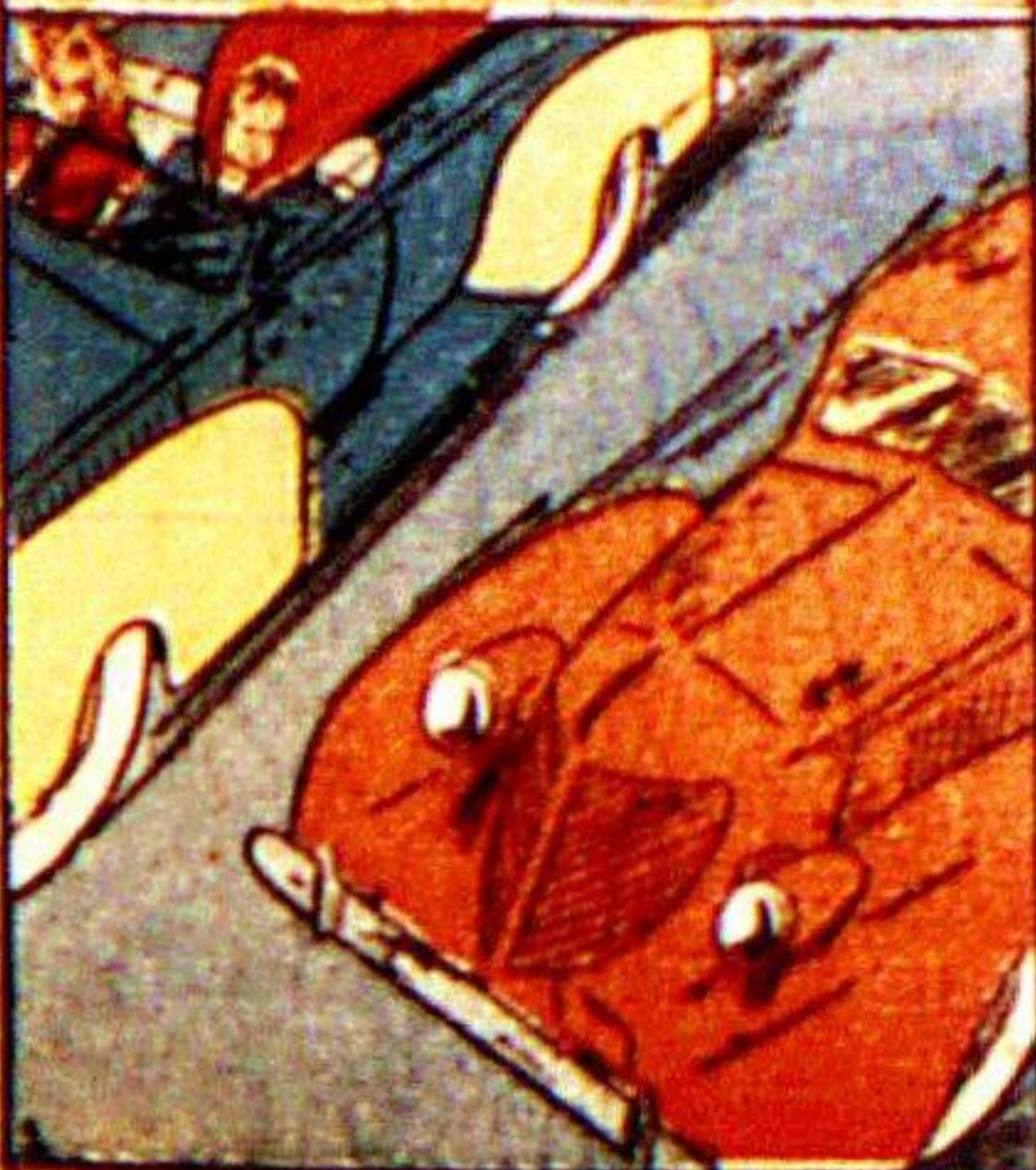
CERTAIN DEATH LOOMS AHEAD AS TWO CARS RACE SIDE BY SIDE OVER THE SLIPPERY MOUNTAIN ROAD.

M-MR. ANGEL— WHY DID THEY TRY TO KILL ME?

I DON'T KNOW, BETTY. BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY!



THE HEAVY SEDAN ON THE INSIDE, PULLS TOWARD THE EXTREME LEFT AND THEN CUTS BACK... DIRECTLY FOR THE ANGEL'S CAR.



HOLD TIGHT... THEY'RE GOING TO RUN US OFF THE CLIFFS!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE ANGEL'S CAR CRASHES THROUGH THE RAILING AND INTO THE ABYSS.



AS THEY CRASH DOWNWARD, THE ANGEL CLAMPS HIS POWERFUL ARM ABOUT BETTY AND LEAPS FROM THE CAR...



... BARELY CLEARING THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW.



IT'S ALL RIGHT, BETTY... YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

UB... GLUB... BLUB!



MEANWHILE... AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS —

THAT'S THE END OF THAT NOSEY ANGEL AN' MARTIN'S KID!

YEAH! AN NO ONE'S GONNA KNOW WHO DID IT!



IF ANYONE FINDS OUT — WE'LL HANG! WE'D BETTER STICK AROUND A MINUTE AN' MAKE SURE THEY'RE DONE FOR!

OKAY, HANK!



WHILE THE MEN FROM THE SEDAN SCAN THE RAGING WATERS BELOW, THE ANGEL AND BETTY REACH THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS AGAIN...



GET IN THE FRONT SEAT AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! HURRY!

ALL-ALL RIGHT!



THEN... THE ANGEL STEPS OUT INTO THE OPEN...

'YOU WON'T FIND ME DOWN THERE, BOYS.... I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



AT THE SOUND OF THE ANGEL'S VOICE, THE THUGS TURN AND DRAW THEIR GUNS...



BUT ALL IS IN VAIN.... THE ANGEL STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING AND IS UPON THEM BEFORE THEY ARE ABLE TO PULL THE TRIGGERS.



JUST WHAT YOUR GAME IS, I DON'T KNOW..... BUT IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I FIND OUT!

WAIT'LL I GET ME HANDS... UGH!!



HERE'S ANOTHER PRESENT FOR YOU!



ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER.... THE ANGEL'S BLOWS STRIKE AS RAPIDLY AS A MACHINE GUN... UNTIL THE THUGS FALL.



OKAY, BUD.... WHY DID YOU TRY TO KIDNAP AND KILL BETTY MARTIN?

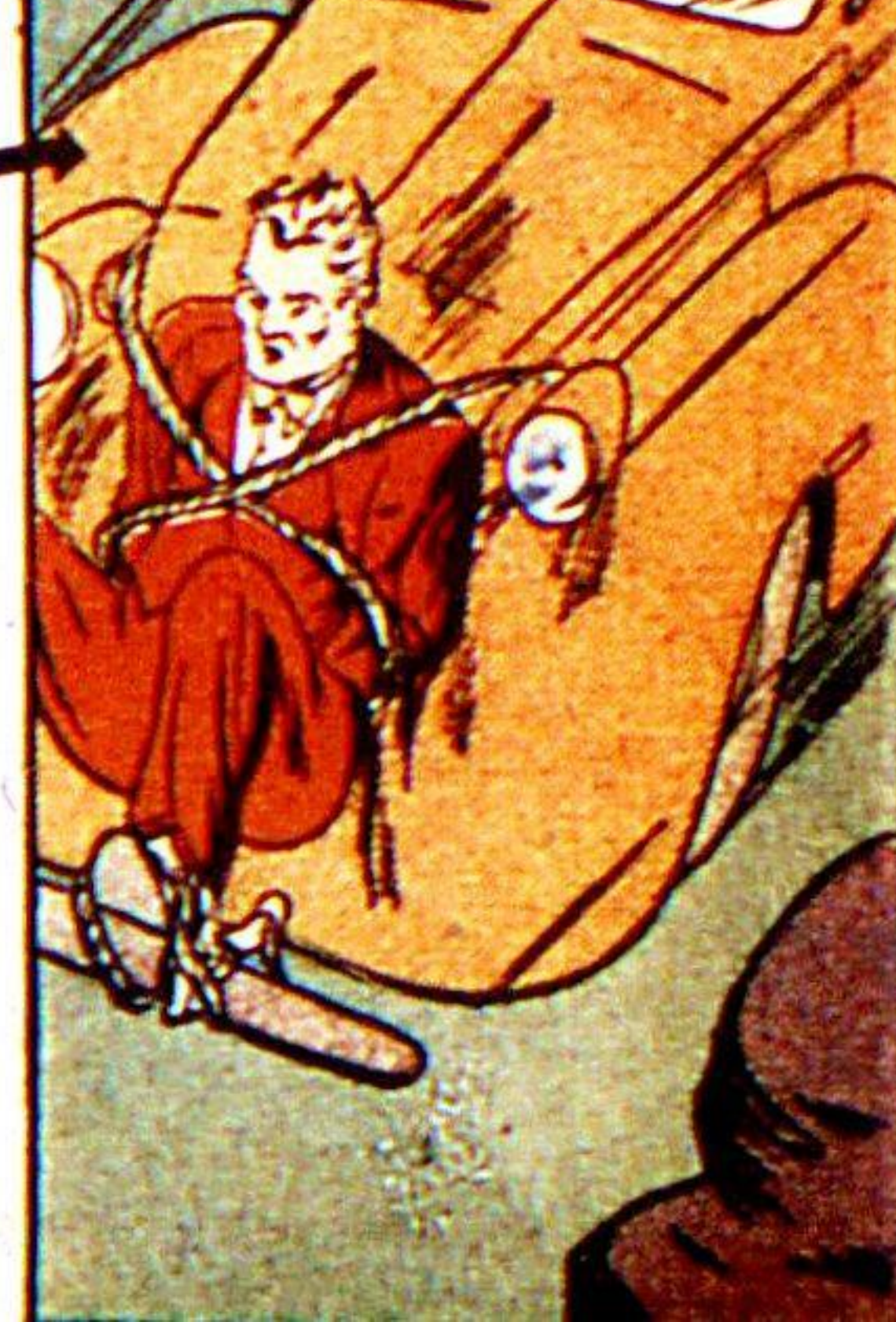
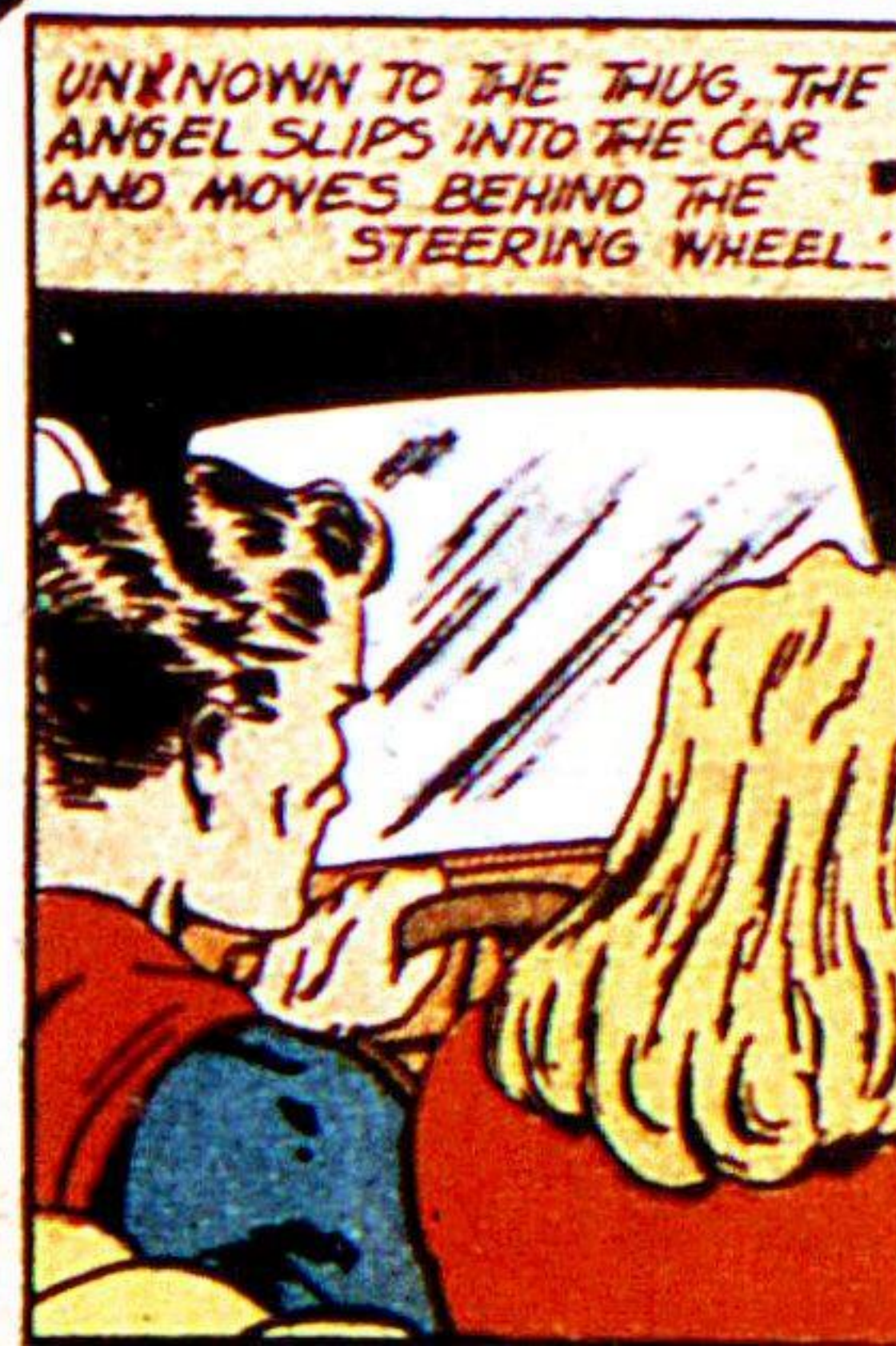
I AIN'T TALKIN'!!



MAYBE I'D BETTER SQUEEZE IT OUT OF YOU!

UGH.... E-R-R-R.... R-R-R.... I-I WON'T TALK!





OH-H... AUNT EMMA! HOW COULD SHE... SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO NICE TO ME!

SH-H-H-H... MAYBE HE'LL TELL US SOME MORE!



AS THE THUG RAVES ON....

EVEN RIGHT NOW, SHE'S PLANNING TO POISON THE KID'S OLD MAN'S WINE AT DINNER TONIGHT SO SHE'LL BECOME HEIR TO ALL HIS DOUGH WHEN HE 'KKKS-OFF'!



M-MR. ANGEL... AUNT EMMA IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DINNER WITH US AT SIX, TONIGHT!

WHAT? IT'S FIVE-FIFTY NOW... AND WE'RE ALMOST FORTY MILES FROM YOUR HOME!



THANKS, PAL... THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!

YOU...!! T-THEN I WON'T BE KILLED??



NO... BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IN JAIL!

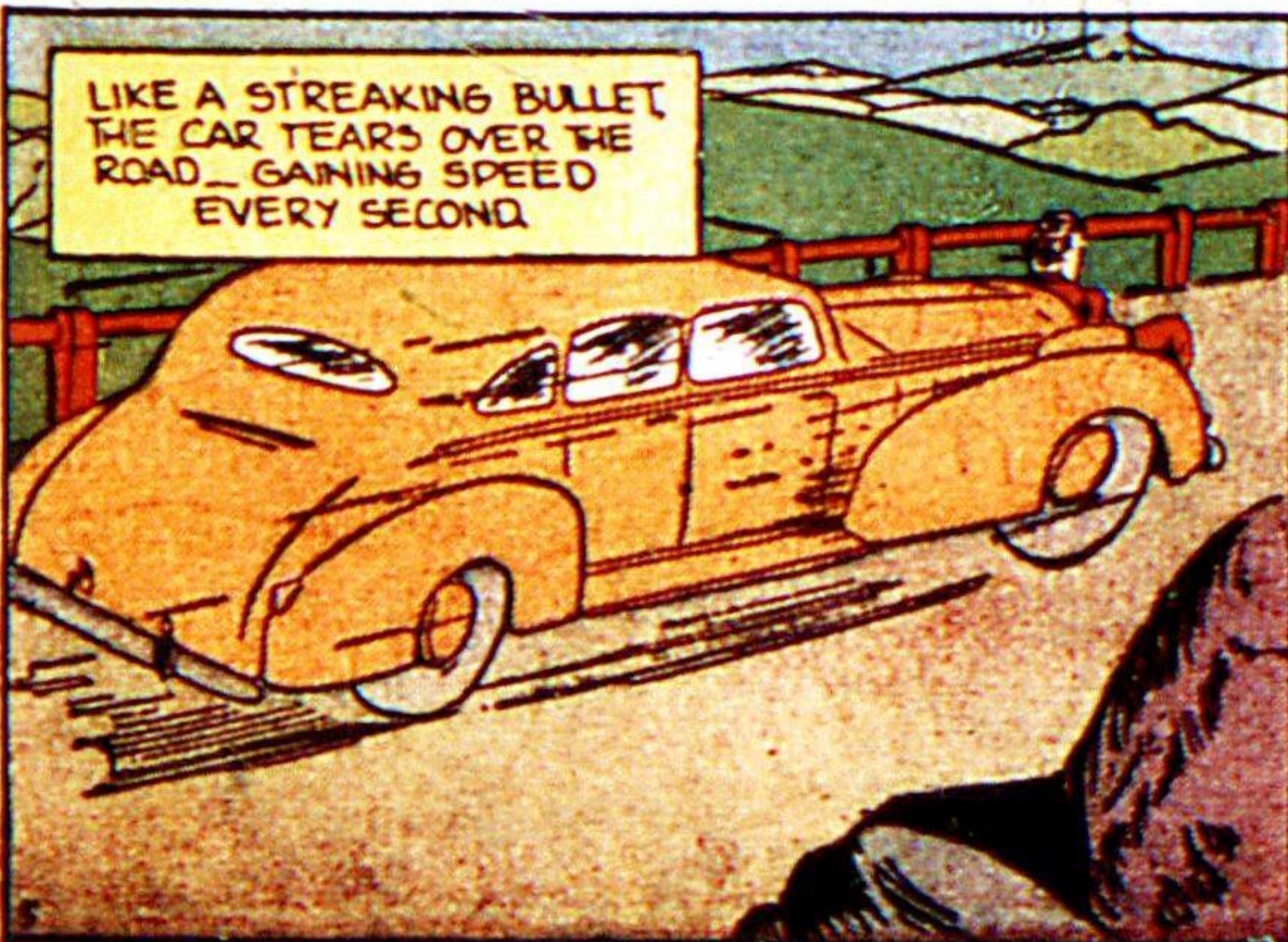
I DON'T CARE... GET ME OFF OF HERE!



I HAVEN'T TIME NOW! I'VE A DATE WITH BETTY'S FATHER... BEFORE SIX! JUST HOLD TIGHT... YOU'RE IN FOR THE RIDE OF YOUR LIFE!



LIKE A STREAKING BULLET, THE CAR TEARS OVER THE ROAD... GAINING SPEED EVERY SECOND



I-I'M SCARED!

DON'T WORRY BETTY... WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT!



MINUTES FLY PAST QUICKLY
AS THE CAR RACES AGAINST
TIME AT ALMOST A HUNDRED
MILES AN HOUR.



W-WHAT TH'??
YOU'RE NOT GETTING
AWAY WITH THAT
STUFF, BUD!



C'MON, YOU.. PULL OVER!
W-WHY THE ANGEL!!
SAY.... WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO??



I'M GOING TO A MURDER!!
SAY... I NEED
AN ESCORT!

SURE....
WHERE TO...
AND WHEN?



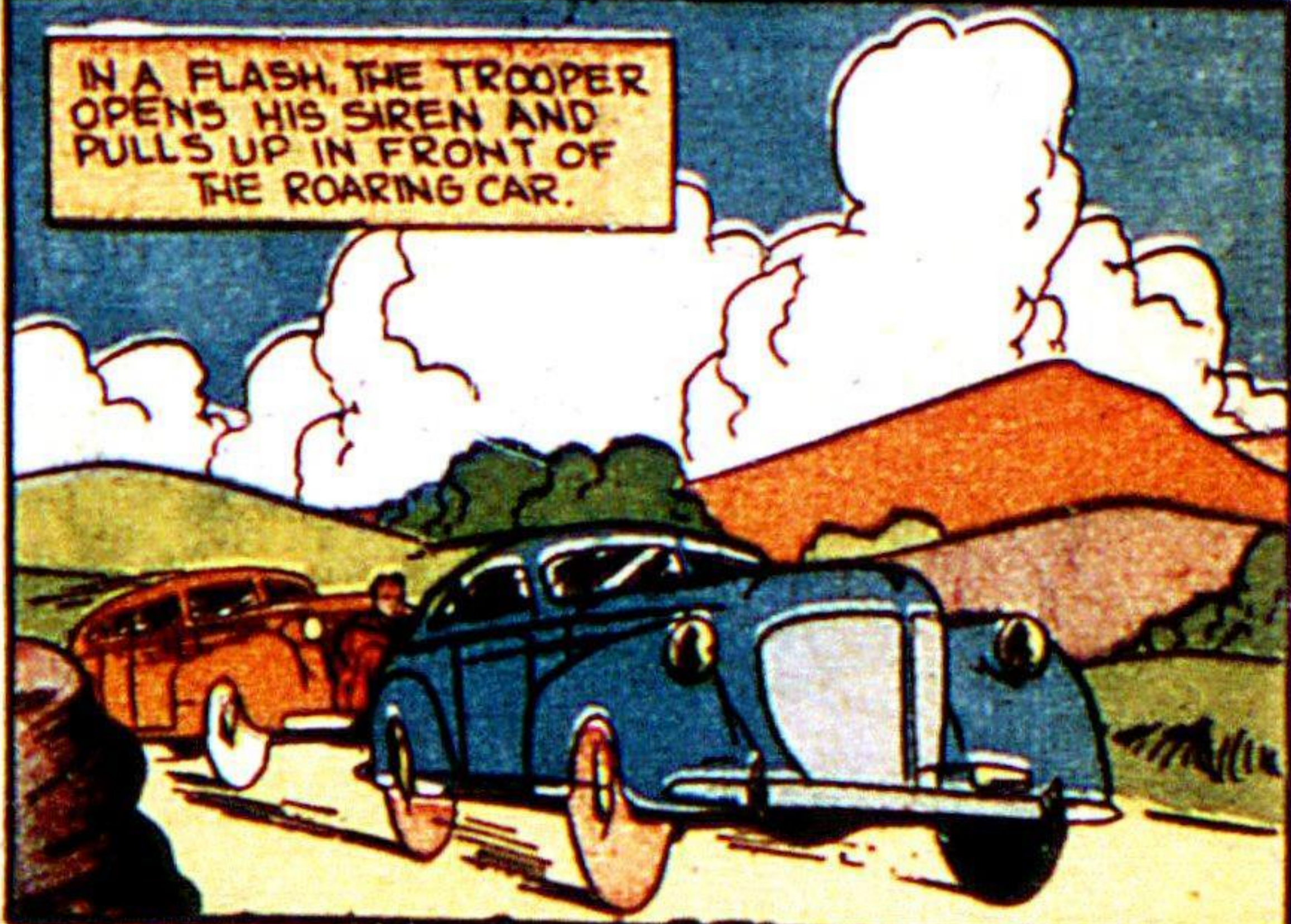
HENRY MARTIN'S ESTATE ON
LAKEVIEW DRIVE
BY SIX O'CLOCK!

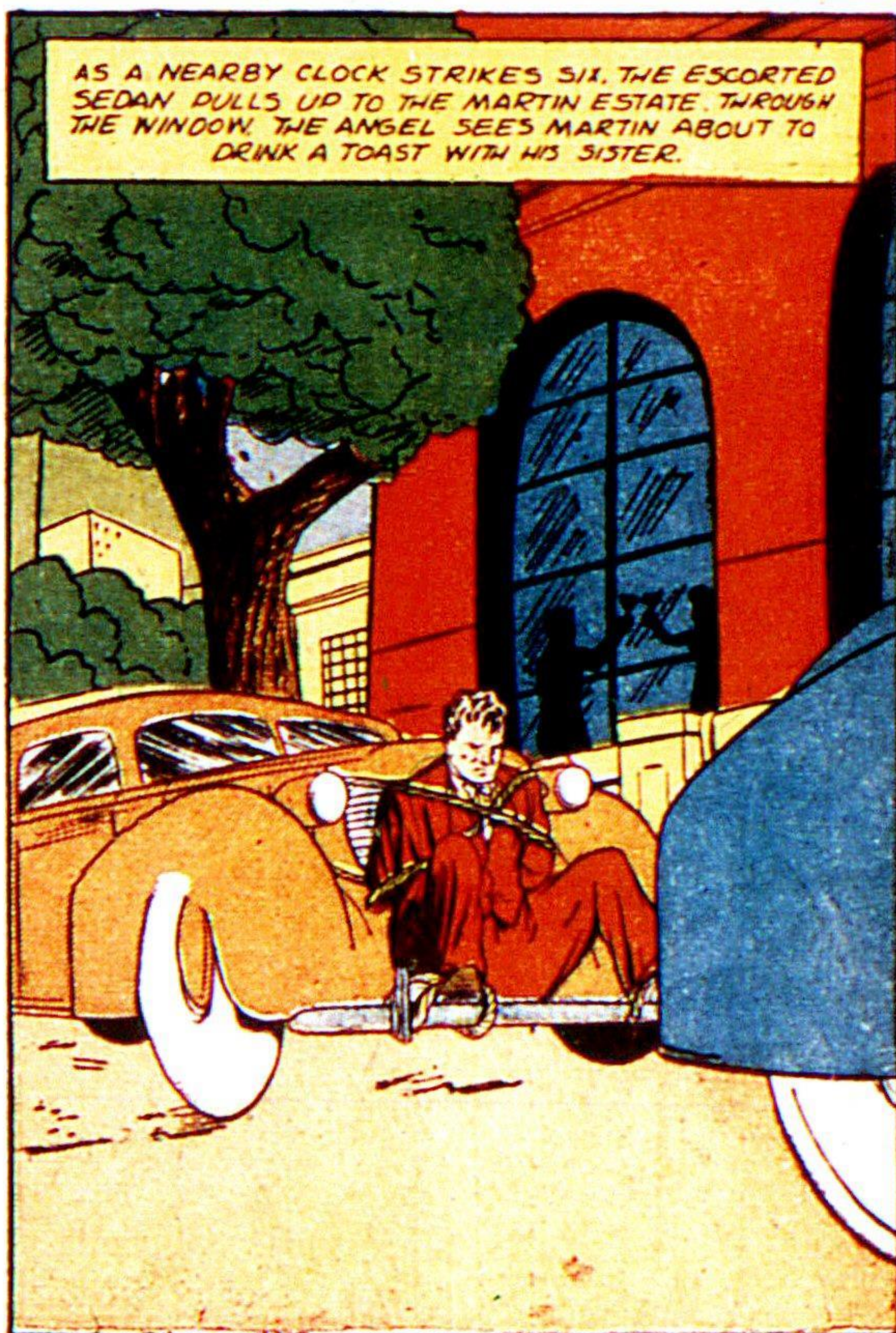
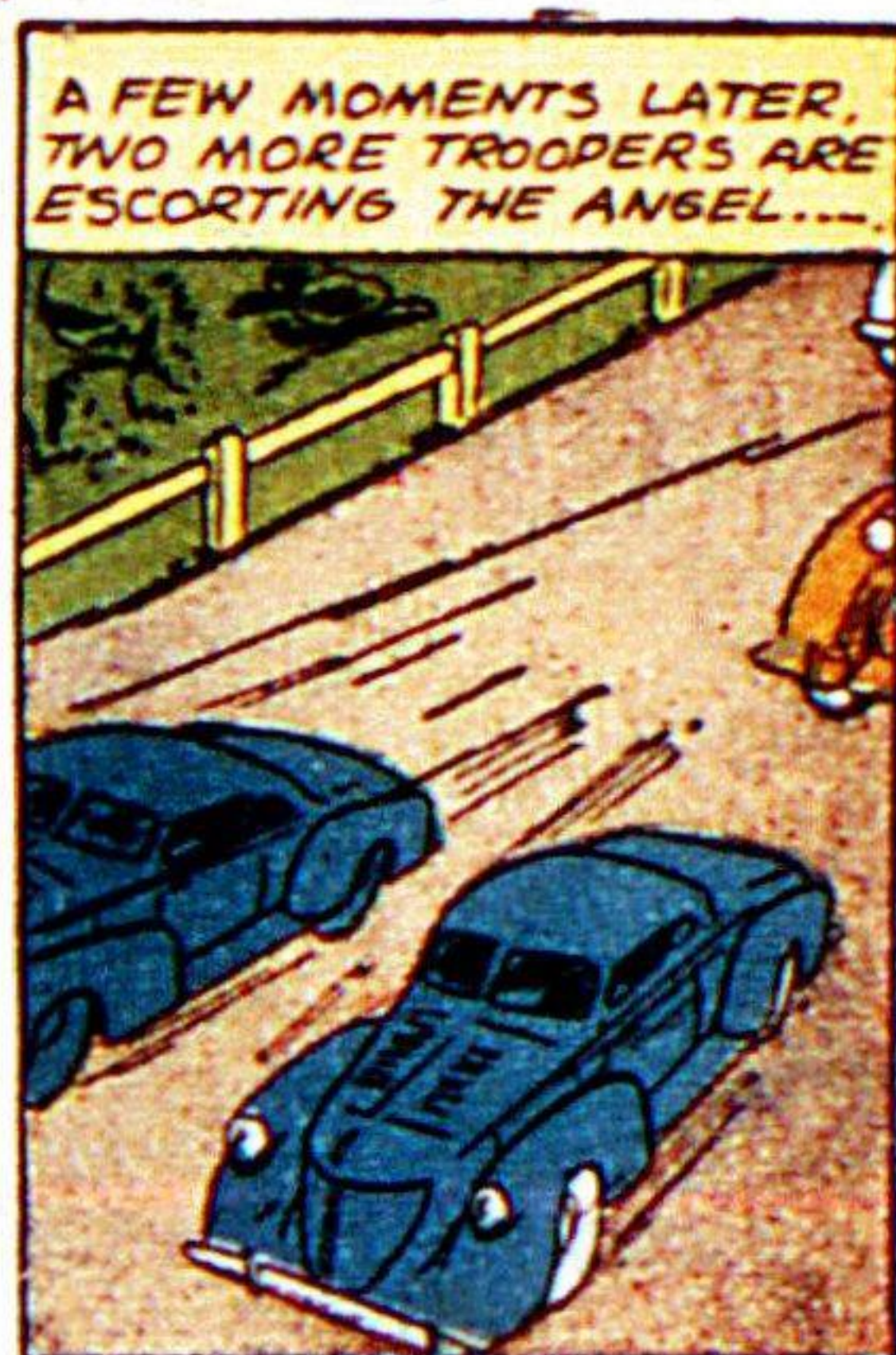


W-WHAT?? OKAY, PARTNER,
OPEN HER UP! WE'LL
PICK UP A COUPLE
OF MORE TROOPERS
ON THE WAY!



IN A FLASH, THE TROOPER
OPENS HIS SIREN AND
PULLS UP IN FRONT OF
THE ROARING CAR.





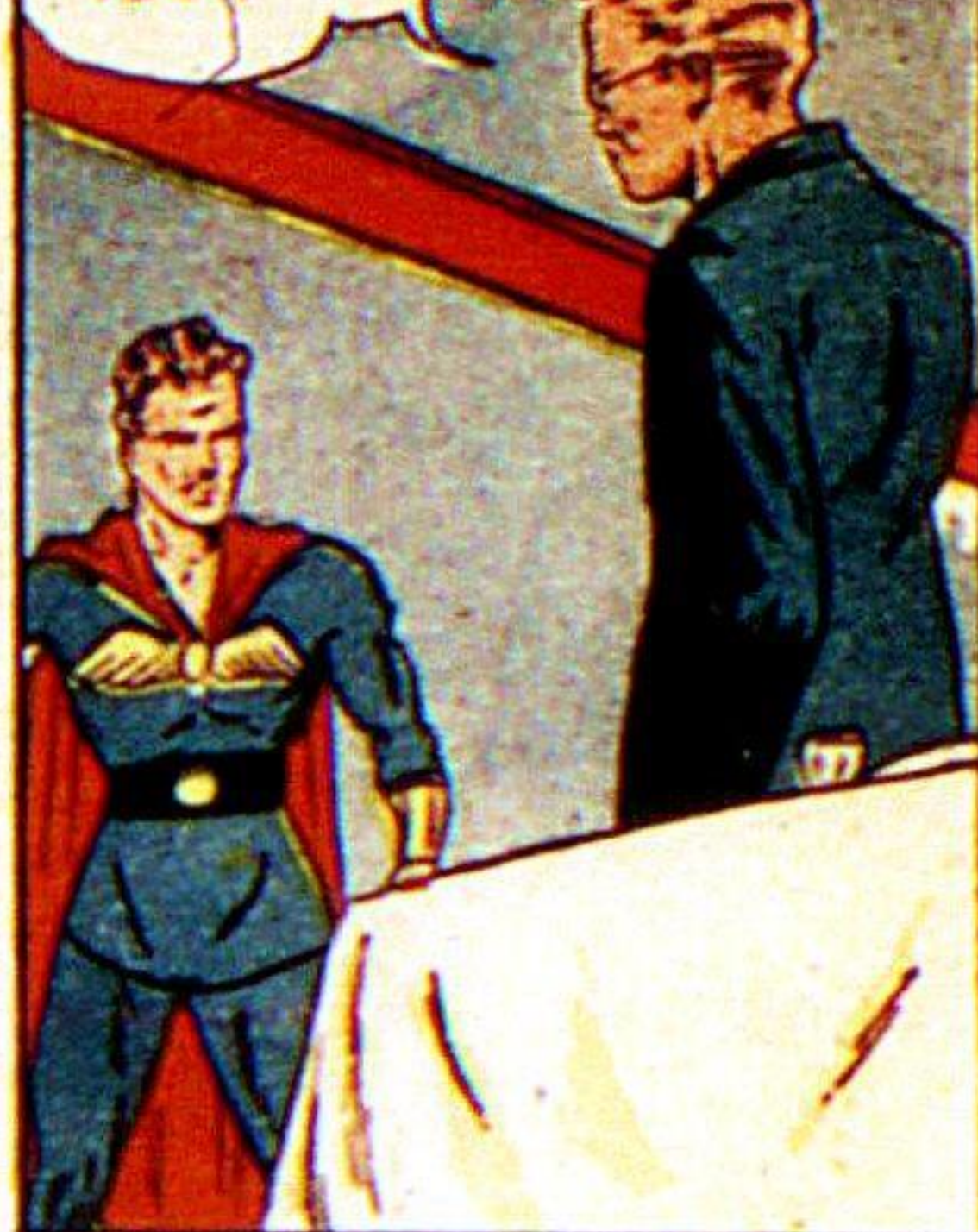
LIKE A FLASH, THE ANGEL
LEADS FROM THE CAR TO
A NEARBY TREE—



... AND SWINGS ... CRASHING
THROUGH THE LARGE WINDOW
BEFORE MARTIN IS ABLE
TO BRING THE GLASS TO HIS
MOUTH....



WHAT IS THIS??
WHO ARE
YOU?



THAT DOESN'T MATTER!
DO YOU MIND IF I TAKE
YOUR GLASS OF WINE?
IT'S POISON!

POISON??



YES.... YOU MIGHT ASK YOUR
SISTER ABOUT IT! BY THE
WAY.... BETTY IS STILL
SAFE AND ON HER WAY
IN! YOU NEEDN'T ACT
SO NERVOUS... IT'S ALL
OVER AND THE POLICE
ARE WAITING
FOR YOU!



SEEING THAT HER PLAN HAD
FAILED.... MARTIN'S SISTER
RUNS OUT OF THE DOOR ONTO
THE TERRACE.

WAIT—THE POLICE HAVE
ORDERS TO SHOOT
ANYONE WHO TRIES TO
LEAVE!



I'M SO GLAD
YOU'RE
SAFE,
DAD!

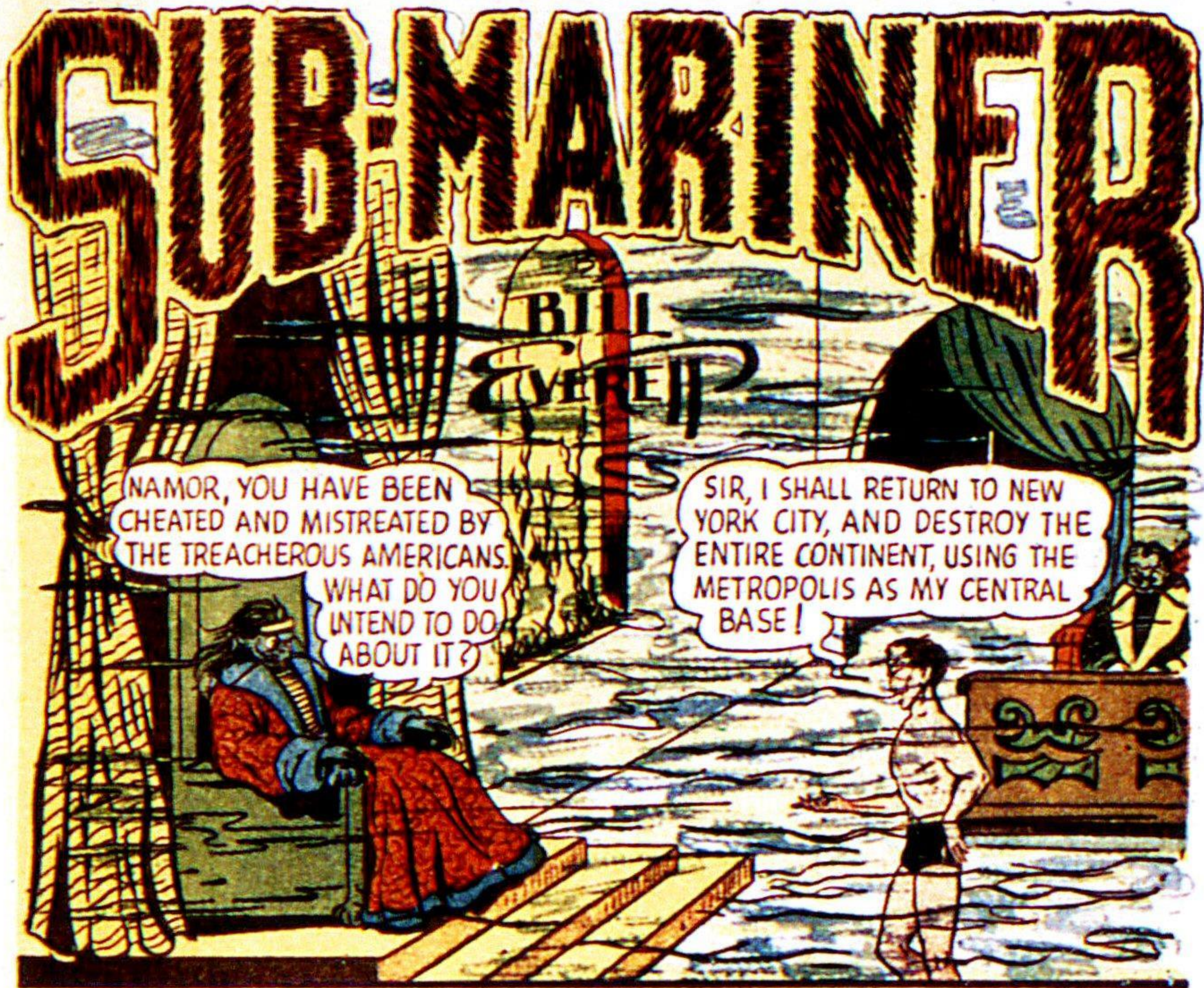
AND YOU TOO,
MY DEAR! I
WANT TO THANK
YOU WHOEVER....
—W-WHY... HE'S
GONE!!



ANOTHER EPISODE
of
**The
ANGEL**

WILL APPEAR IN
THE NEXT ISSUE!

PRINCE NAMOR, the



IN HIS PRIVATE AERIAL-SUBMARINE,
NAMOR SPEEDS NORTH LIKE A STREAK
OF LIGHTNING, DEEP IN THE SUB-SEA.

THE BEST PLAN, I THINK, IS TO LEAVE
THE SHIP BELOW SURFACE, SOME-
WHERE IN THE HARBOR, WHERE IT
CAN'T POSSIBLY BE
DISCOVERED, AND
SWIM ASHORE
ALONE.



THIS OUGHT TO BE NEAR ENOUGH—
THE SHIP'LL BE SAFE HERE.



AH, THE STATUE OF
LIBERTY! LIBERTY—
HUH! THEY'LL NOT KNOW
WHAT LIBERTY MEANS
WHEN I'M THROUGH
WITH THEM. I'LL CON-
QUER THIS NATION AND
ENSLAVE ALL IT'S
PEOPLE. I'LL BE EMPEROR
OF AMERICA, AND MAKE
THESE PEOPLE PAY FOR
WHAT THEY HAVE DONE
TO ME!



THIS'LL BE A GOOD
PLACE TO START!



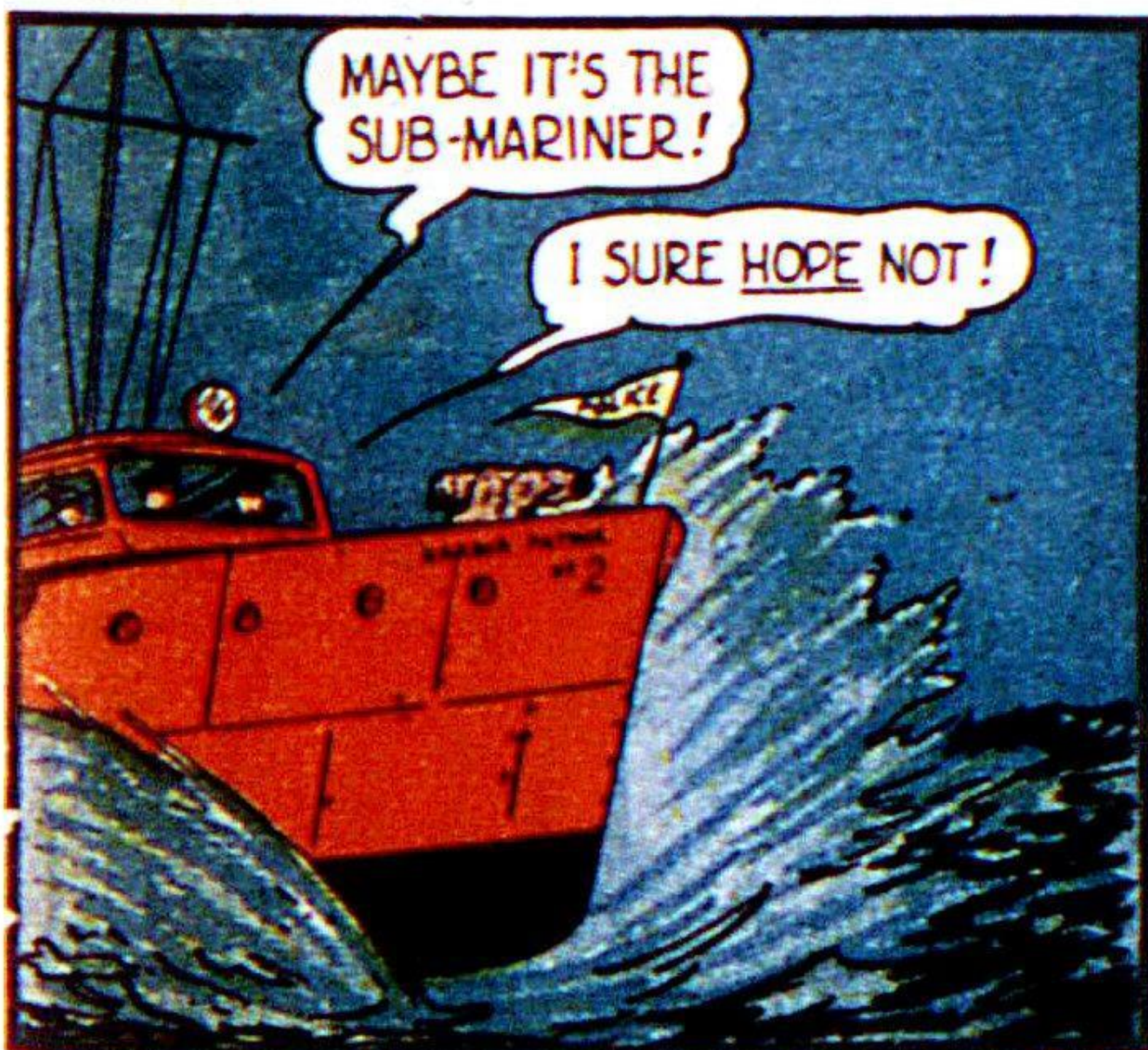
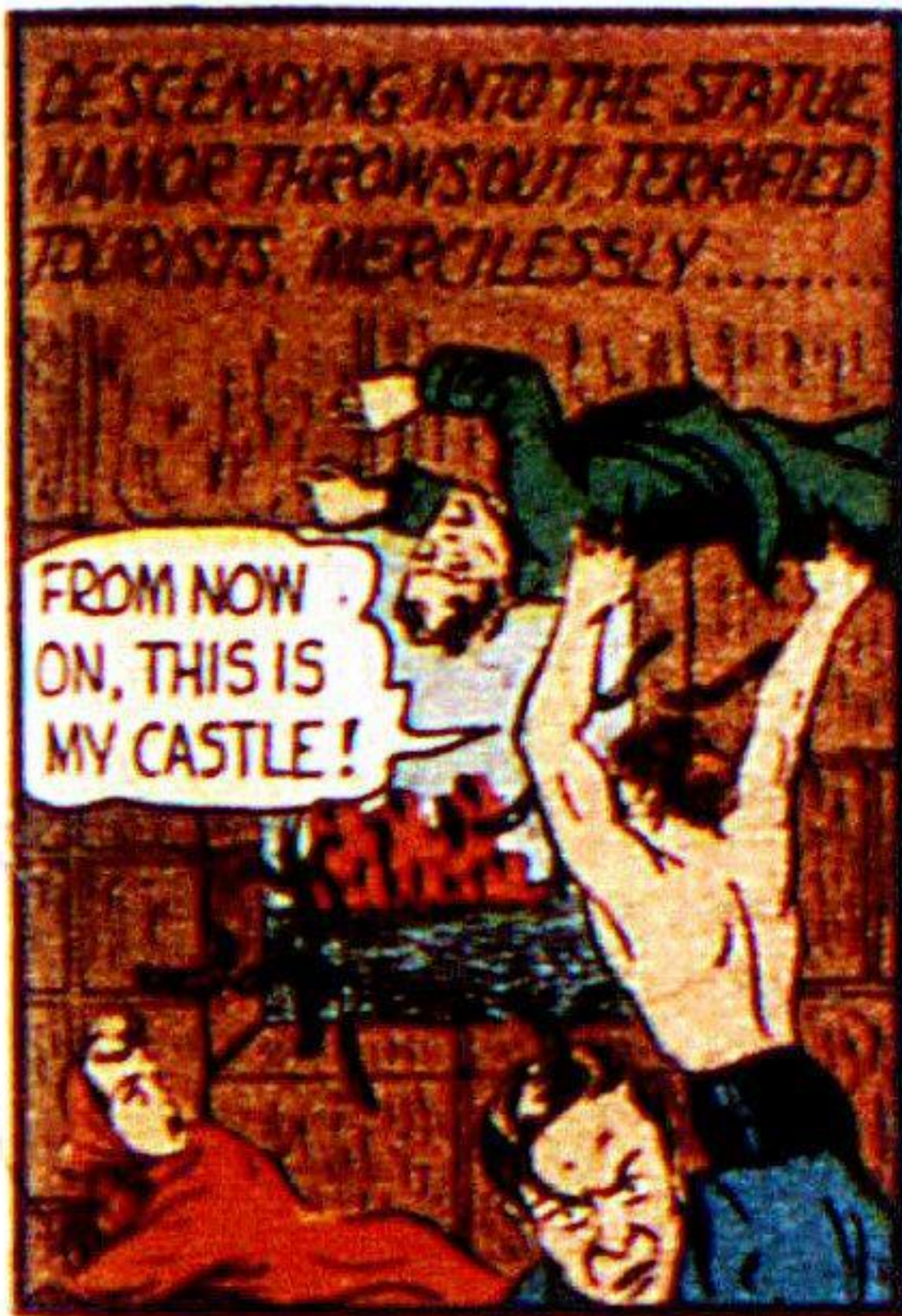
HEY YOU!— GIT OFFA
THAT WALL! WHERE
D'YA THINK YER GOIN'?

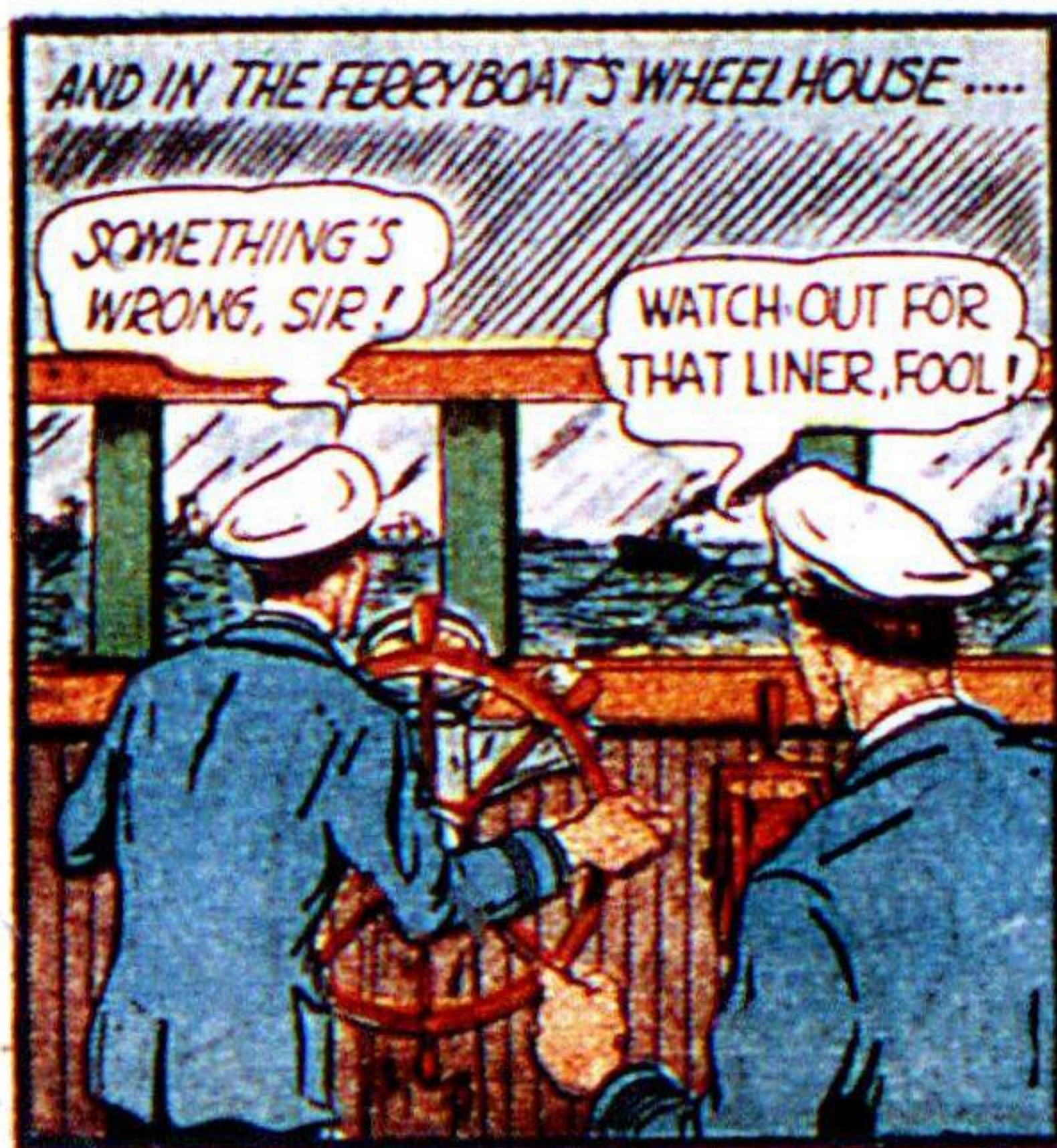
NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS, STUPID!

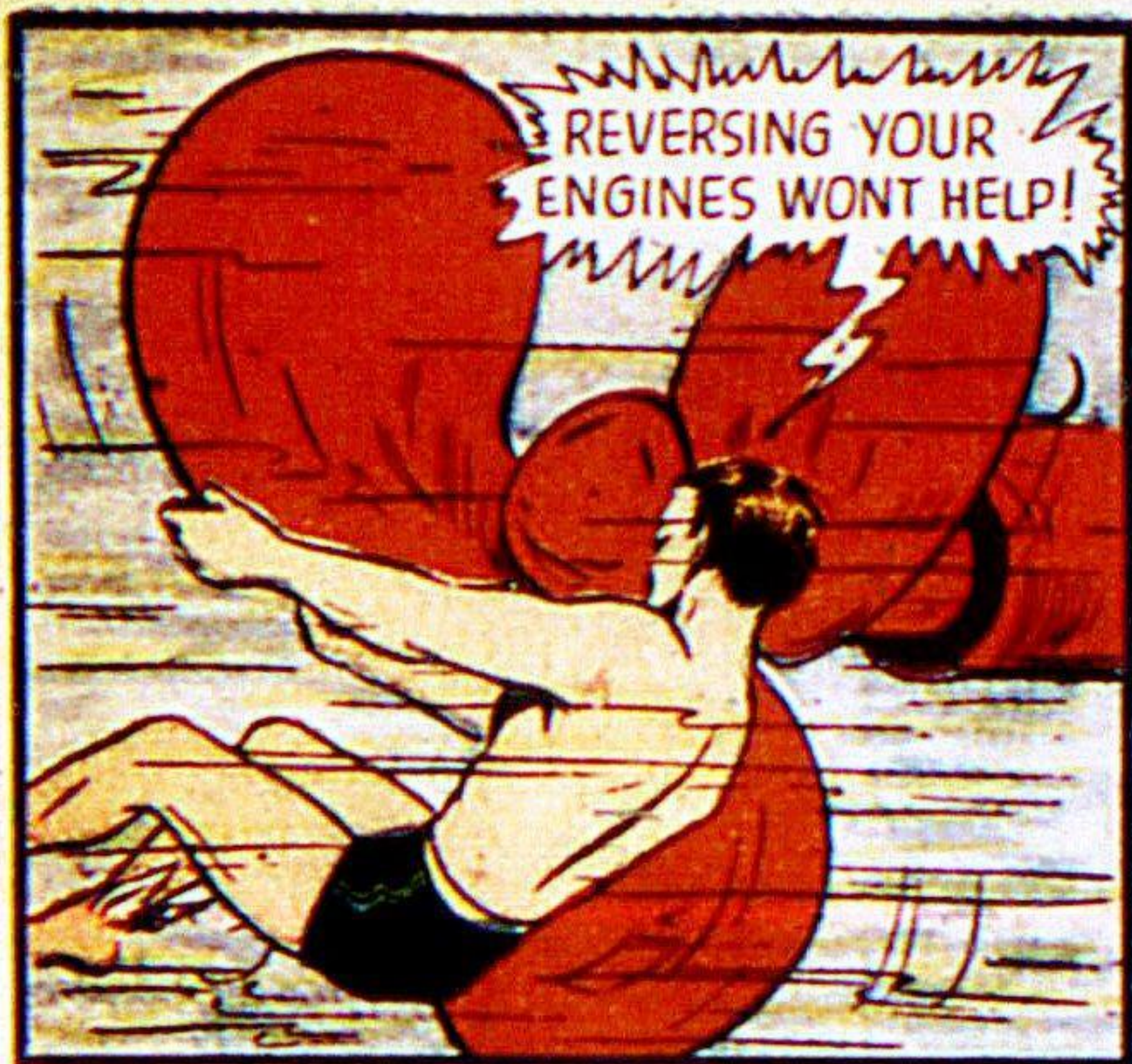


NAMOR'S MIGHTY FIST SMASHES THE
GUARD'S JAW.

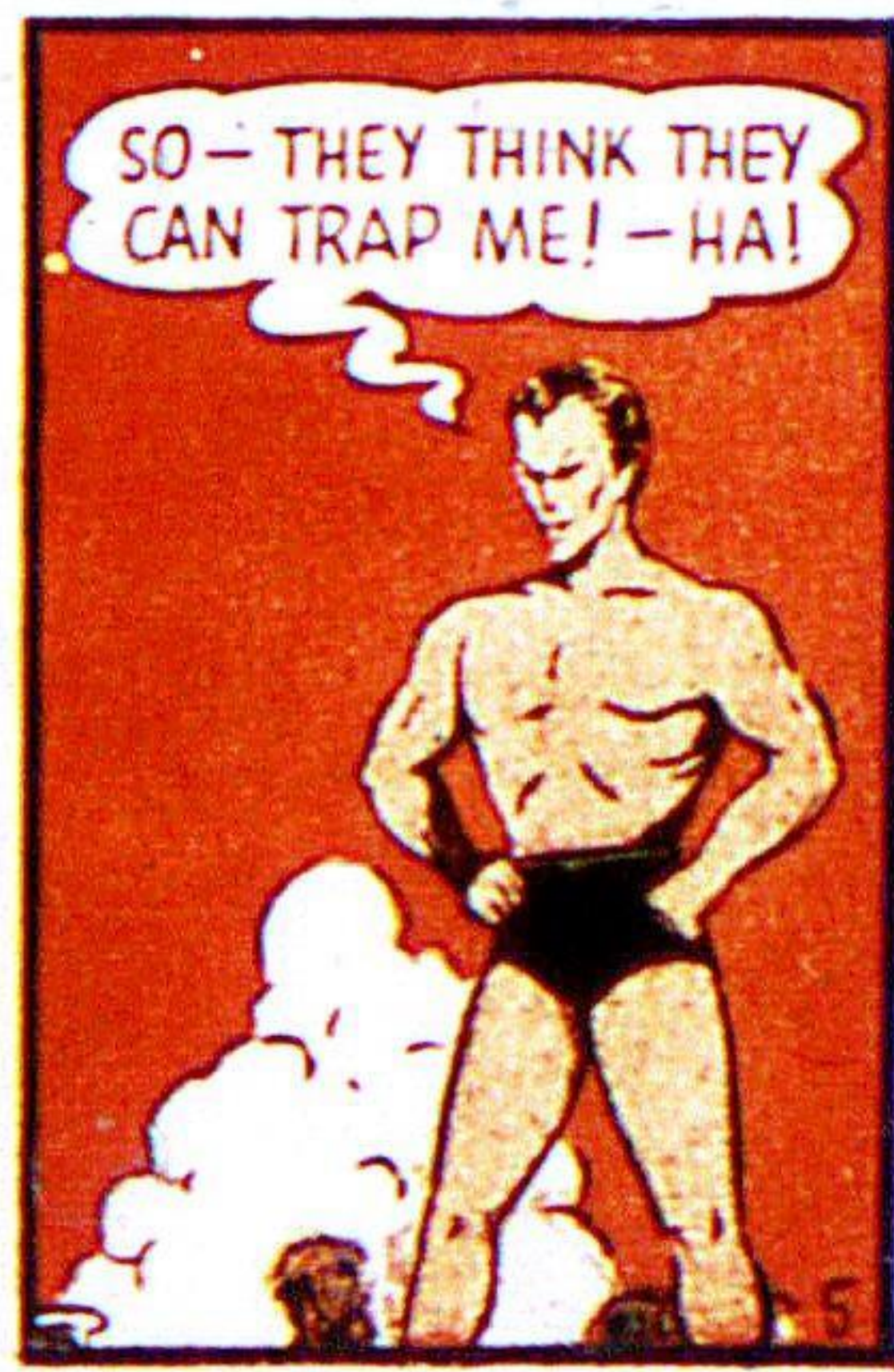
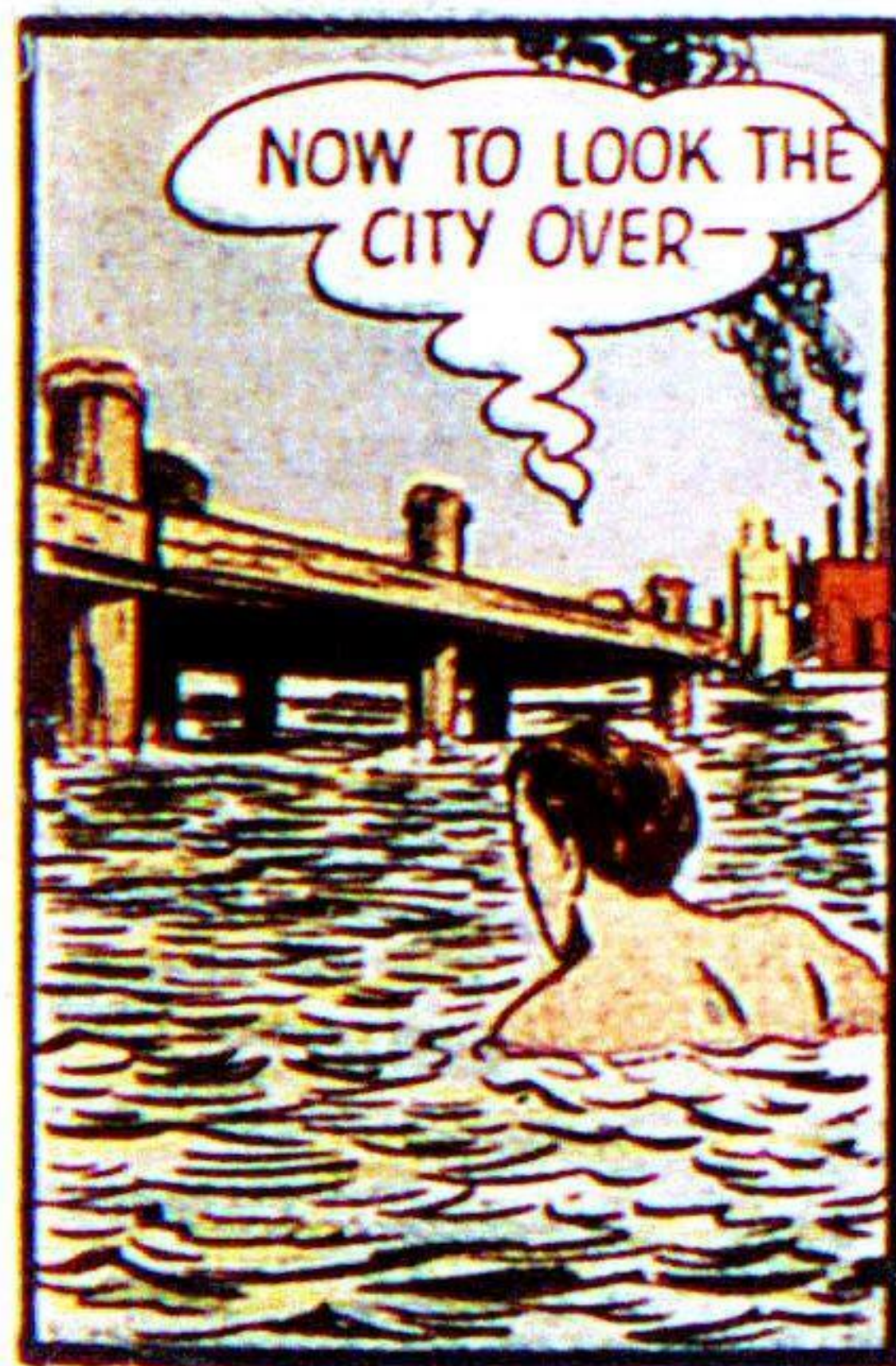


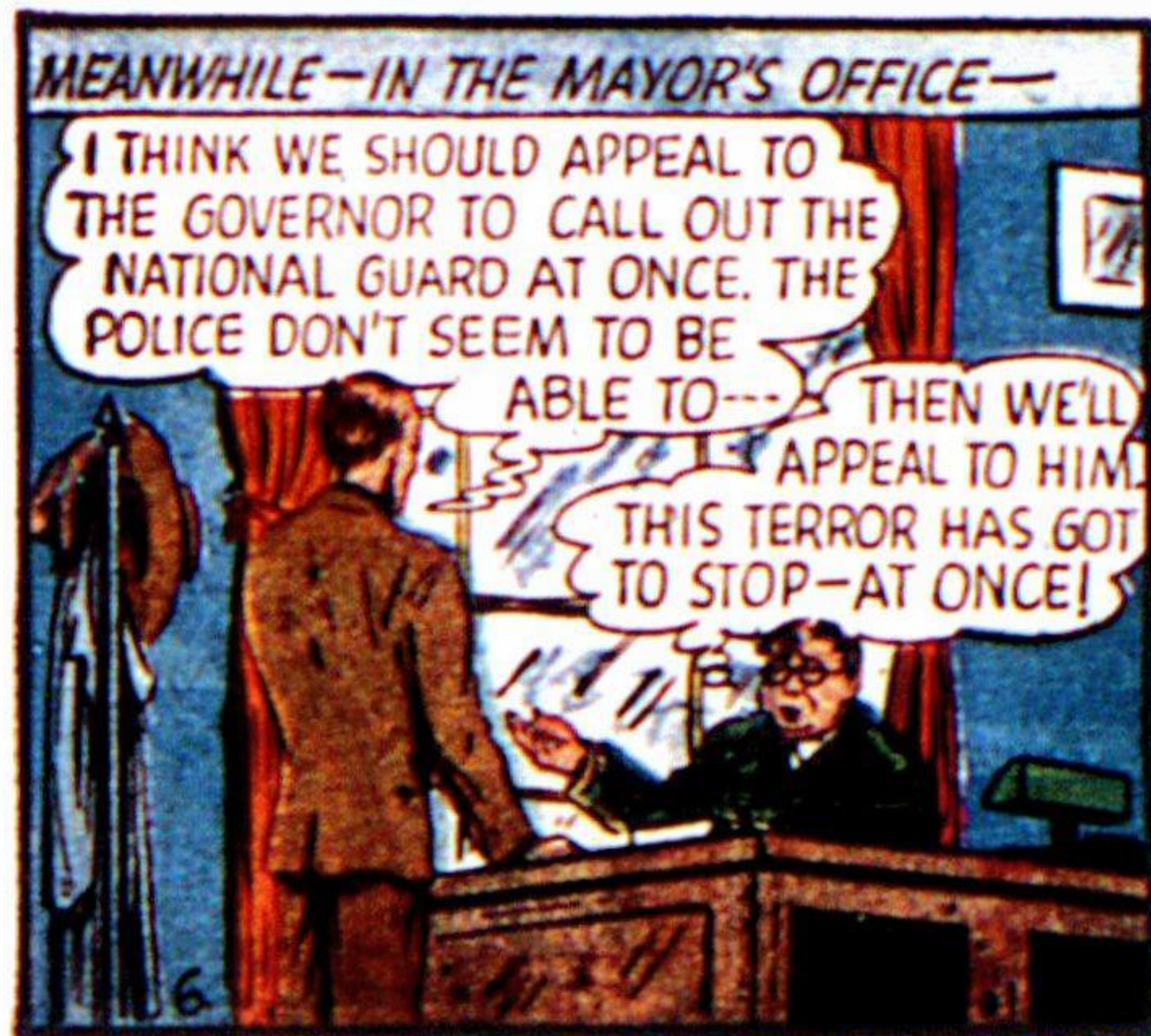


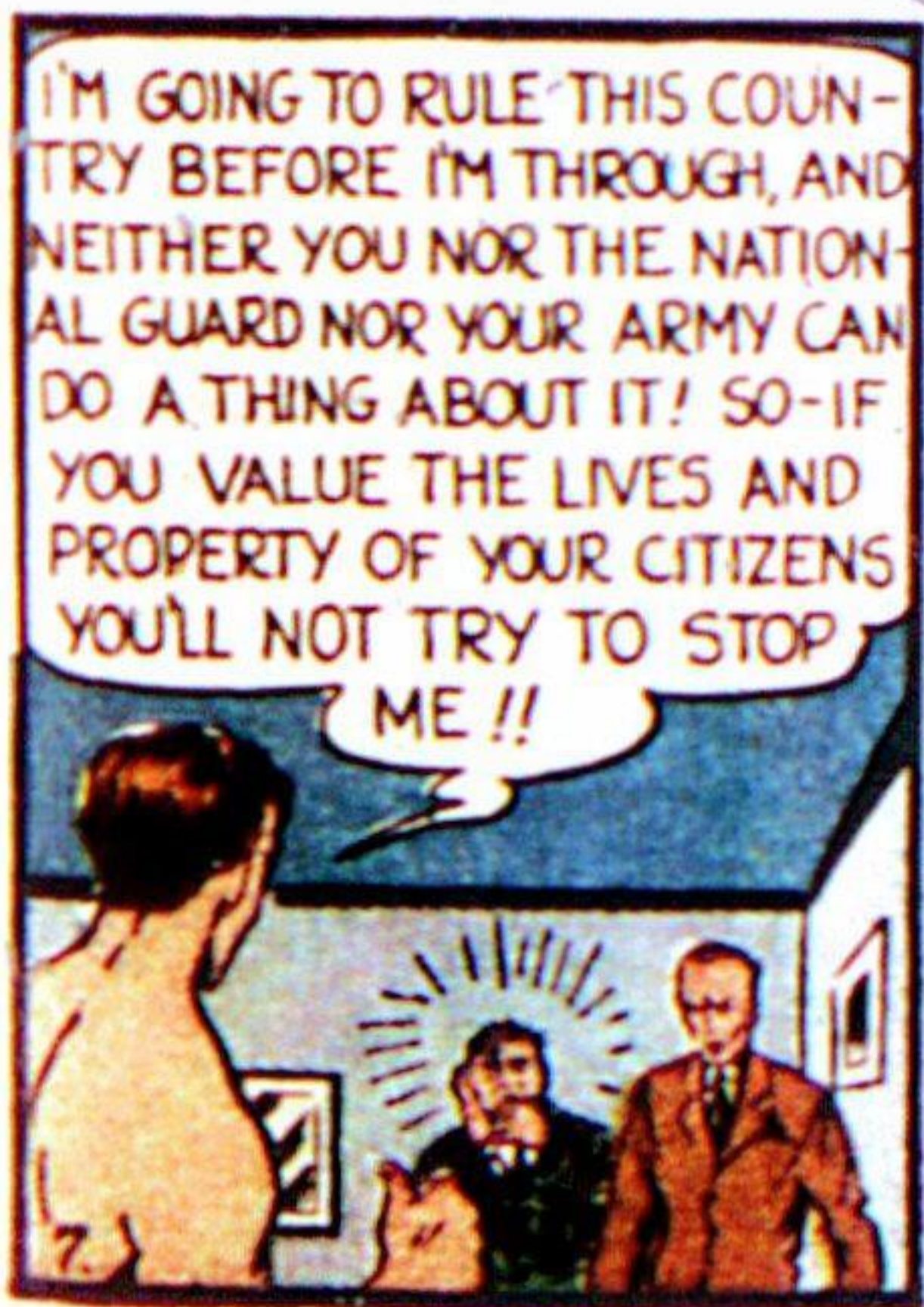
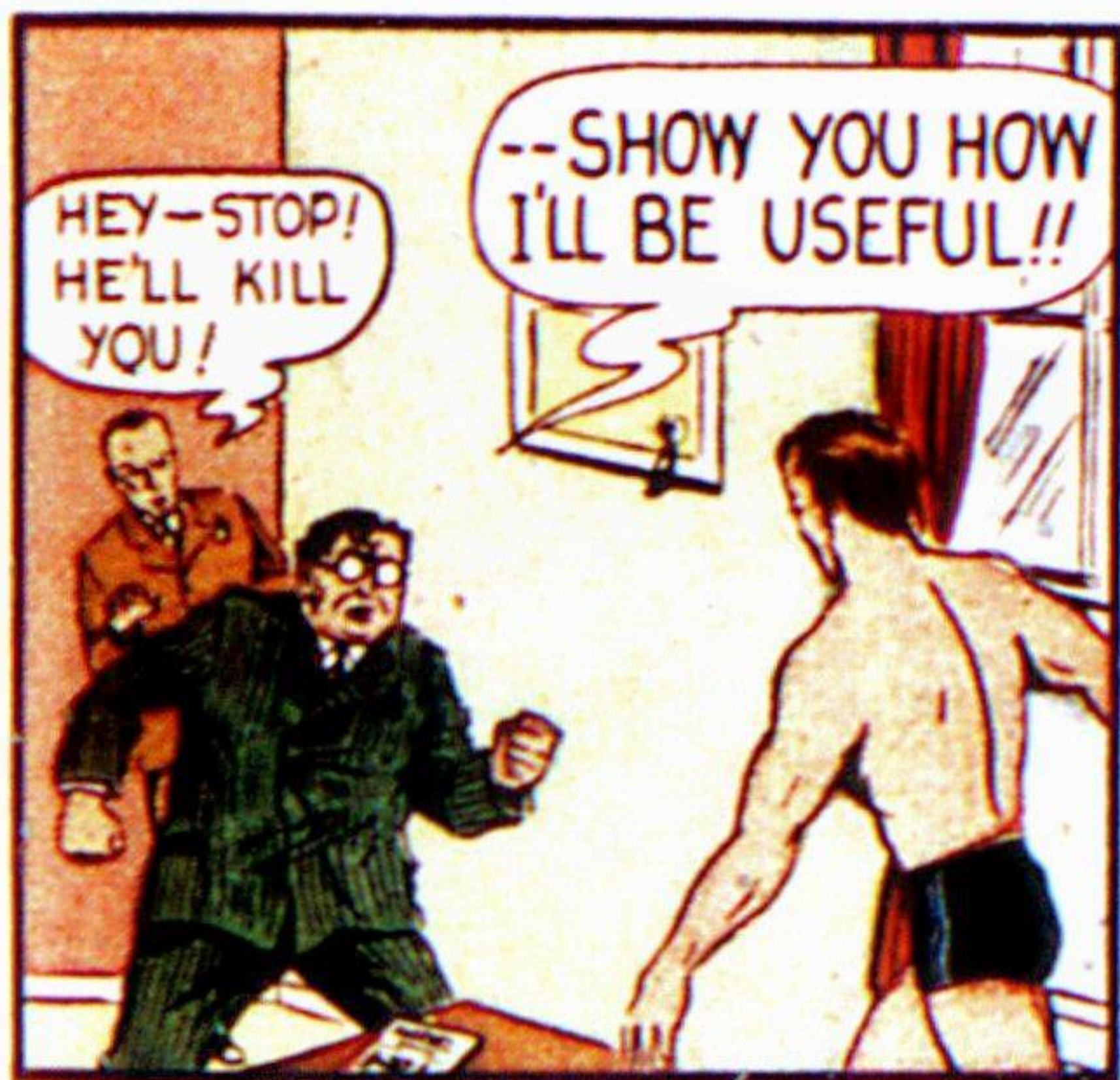


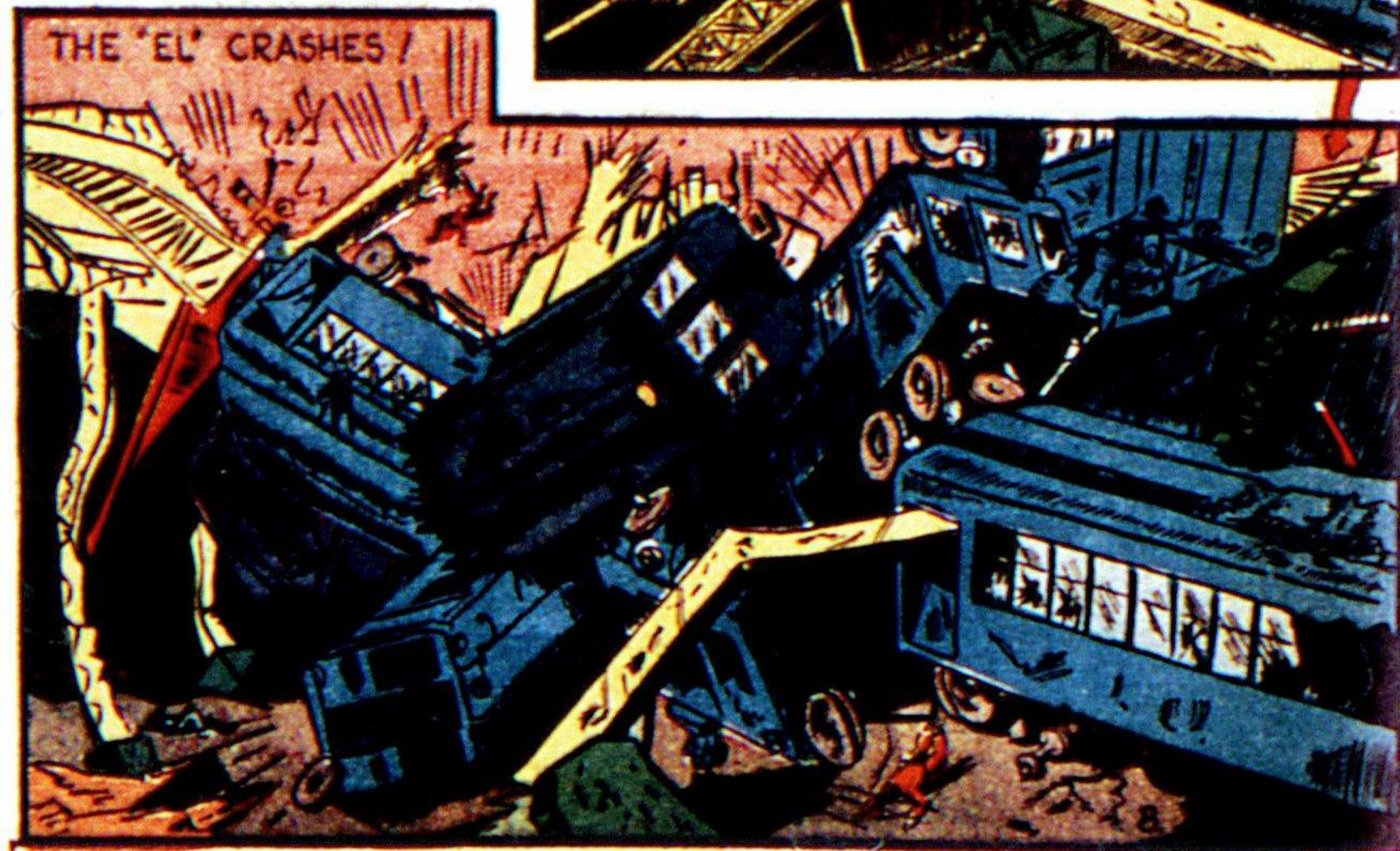
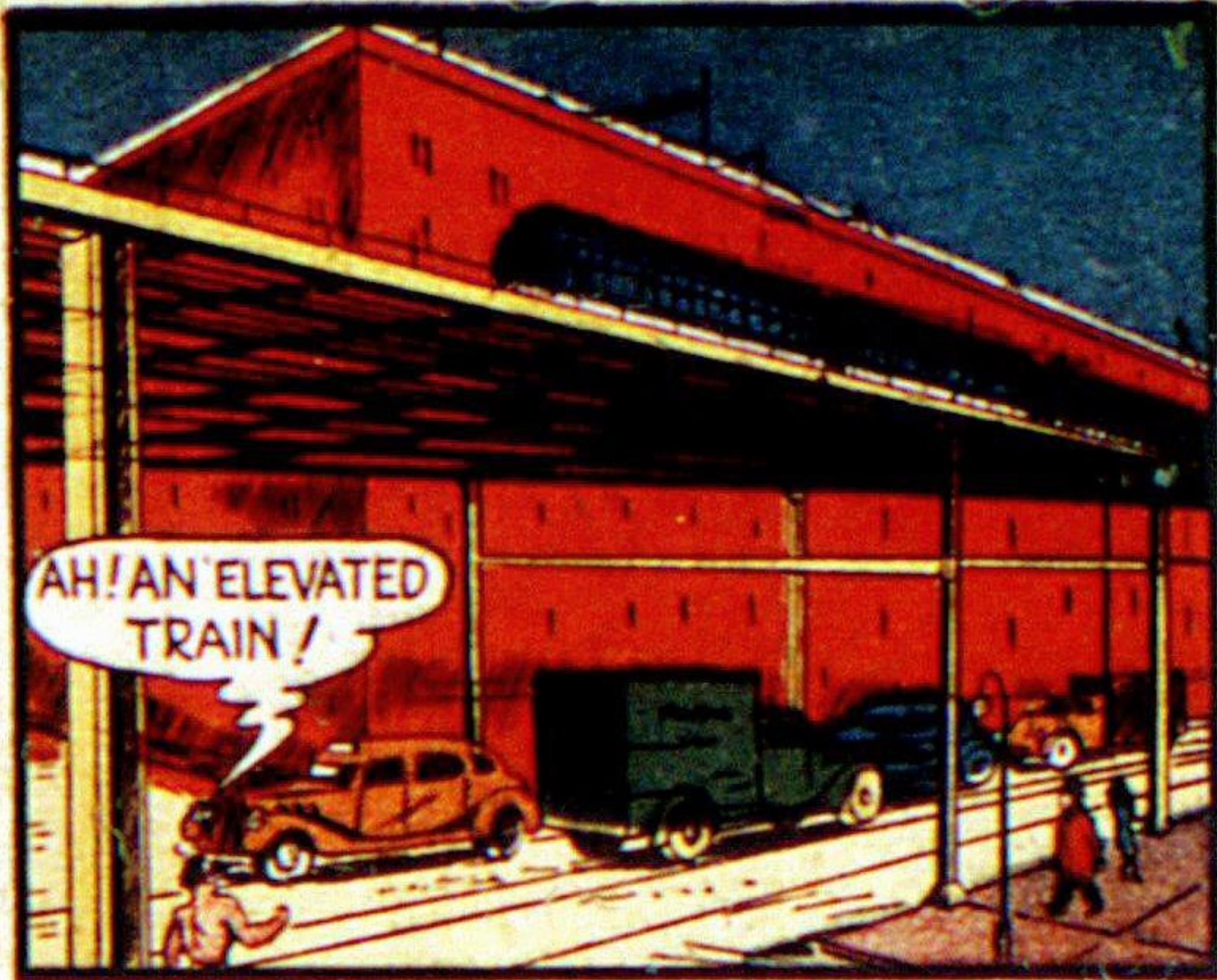


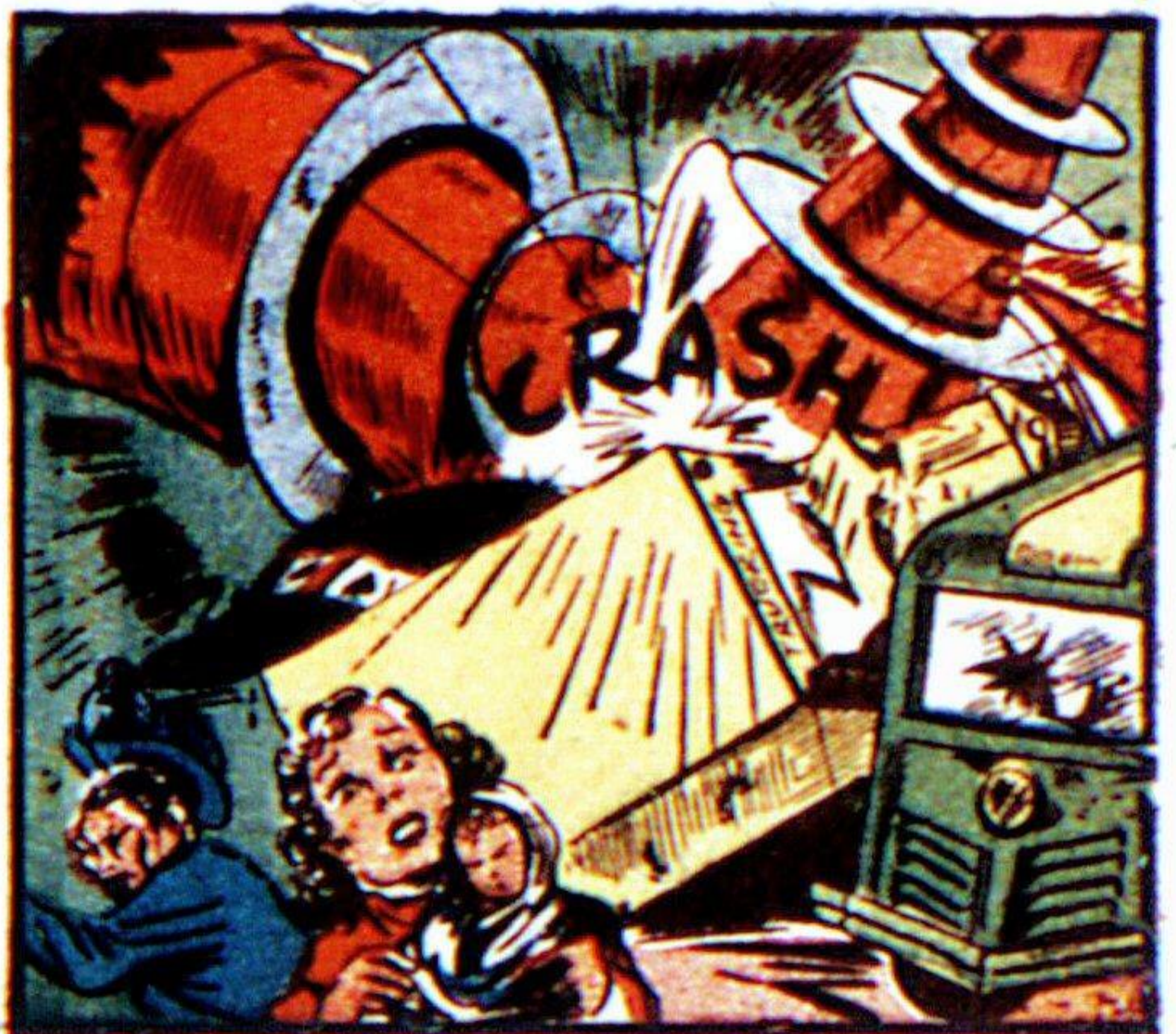
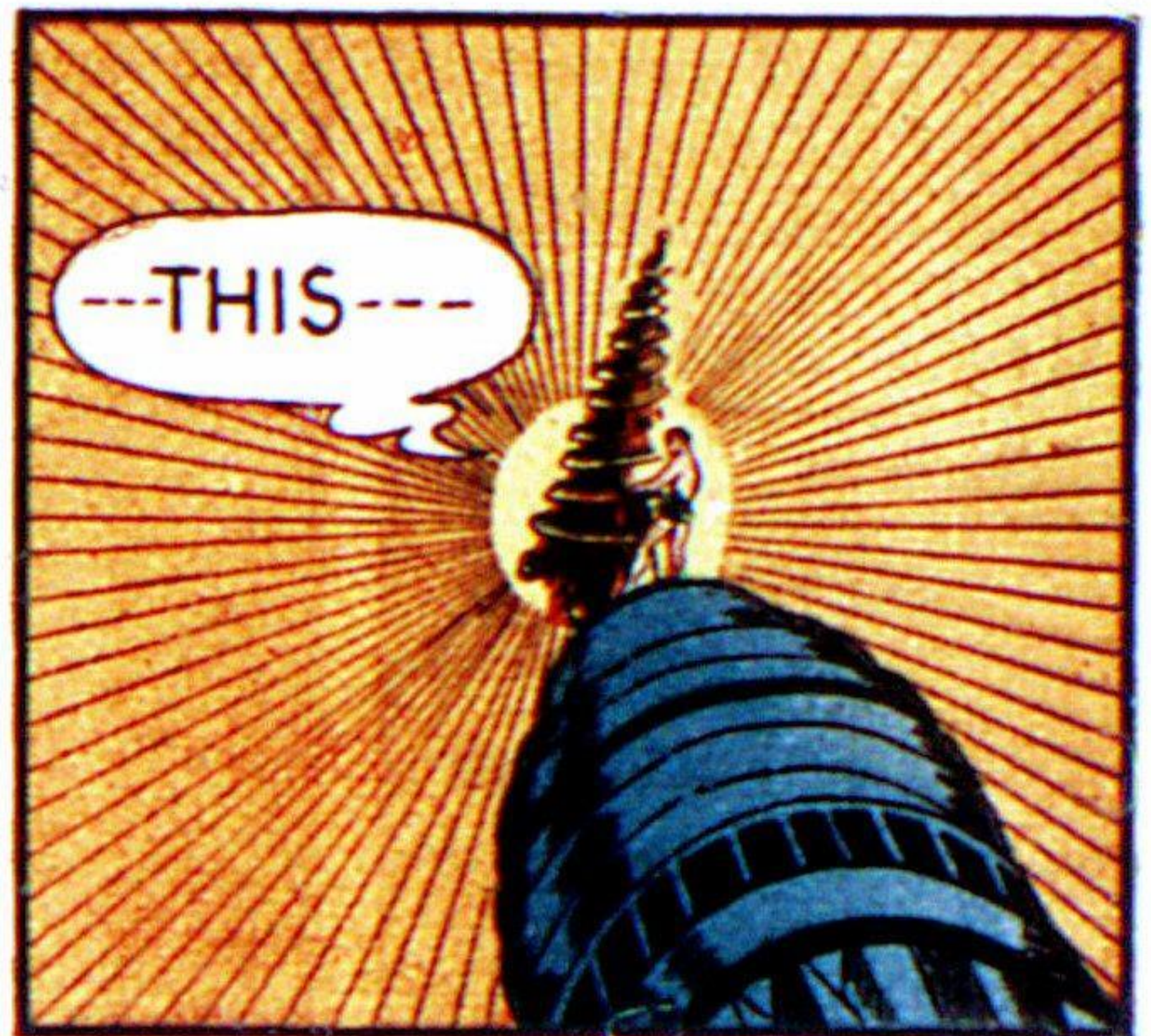
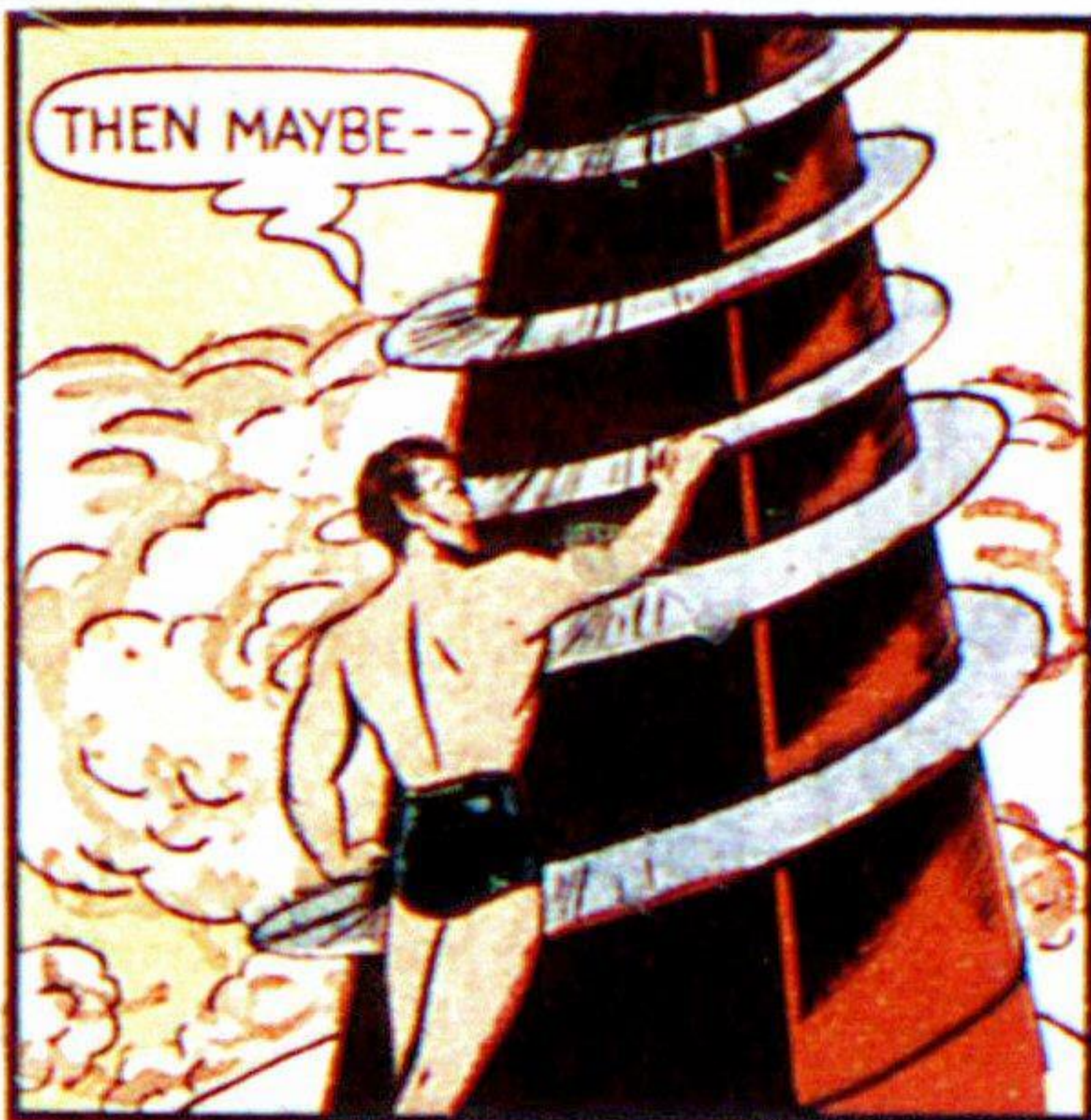
BUT IN SPITE OF THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER, THE SUB-MARINER PUSHES THE FERRYBOAT DIRECTLY INTO THE GIANT LINER'S PATH.







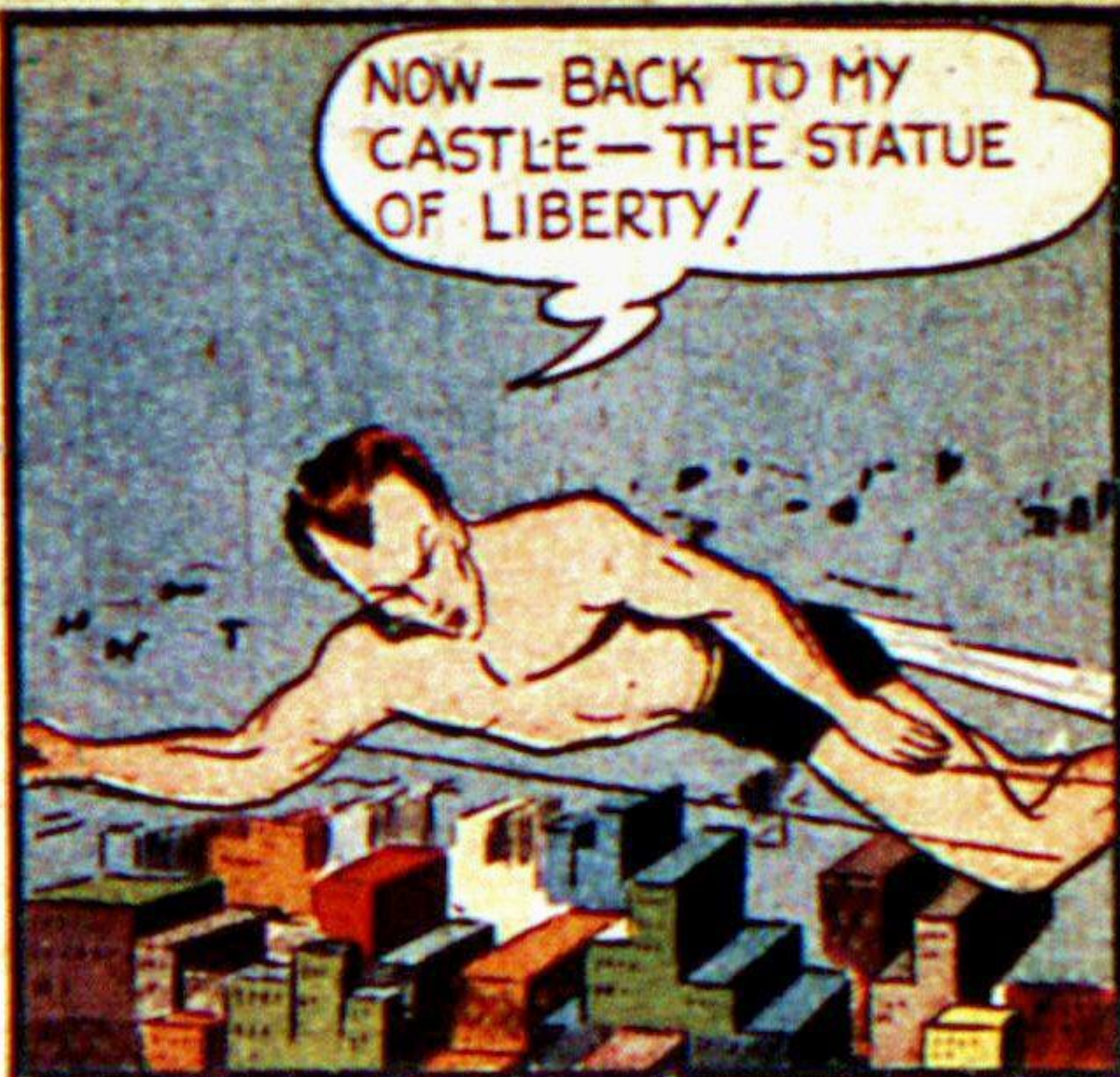




MEANWHILE-IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE!

MISS DEAN—SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE DONE. YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON WHO MIGHT INFLUENCE THIS MADMAN

I DON'T KNOW, COMMISSIONER. AFTER THE WAY WE LET HIM DOWN. BUT I'LL TRY



THE SUB-MARINER'S ATTRACTION FOR BETTY PROVES TOO STRONG TO RESIST, AND----

BETTY DEAN! I SHOULD IGNORE HER— BUT----



OH—NAMOR! WHY MUST YOU DO THIS?

HAH! YOU SHOULD ASK THAT!



PLEASE—PLEASE GO HOME LET US LIVE IN PEACE! I'M AFRAID—FOR YOU, NAMOR!

AFRAID! FOR ME?



YES. THE HUMAN TORCH IS NOW A MEMBER OF OUR POLICE FORCE!

I'VE HEARD OF HIM. SO YOU THINK THAT LITTLE FLAME OF HIS CAN HURT ME? HAH!



OH—OH NAMOR!

TELL YOUR PEOPLE I'M NOT THROUGH— AND AS FOR THE TORCH LET HIM COME!



THE MASKED RAIDERS

ONCE AGAIN, THE BLAZING GUNS OF THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED RAIDERS ROAR IN DEADLY DEFIANCE AS HE RUNS HEAD-ON INTO A GANG OF GUN SLINGERS.



NAT PARKER AND HIS SON ARE HEADED FOR THEIR RANCH, UNAWARE THAT—

I HATE TO THINK WHAT THEM CUSSED CYOTES I'LL DO NEXT!



—MASKED BANDITS AWAIT THEM AT THE BEND.

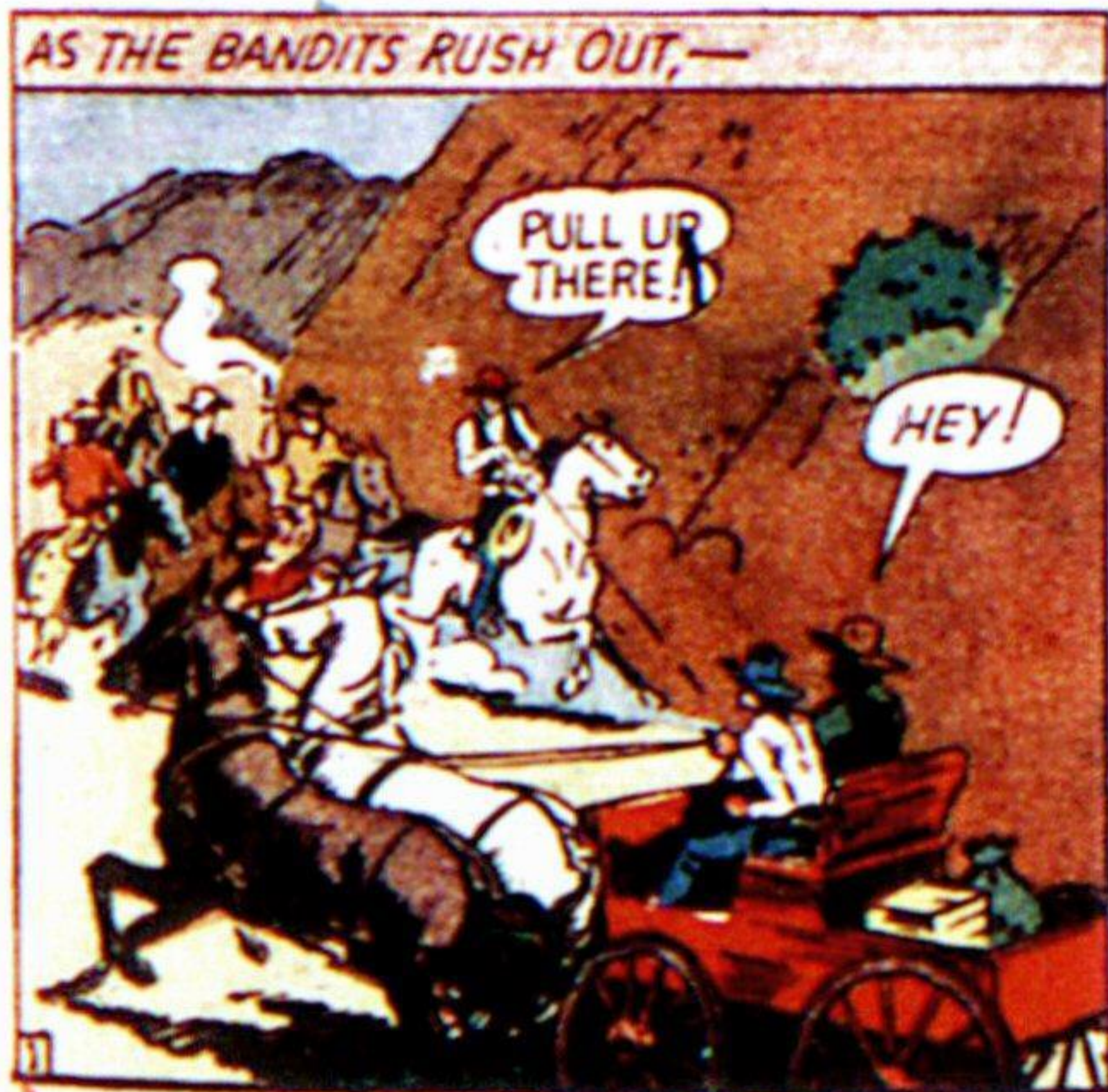
RUSH 'EM AS THEY COME AROUND!



AS THE BANDITS RUSH OUT,—

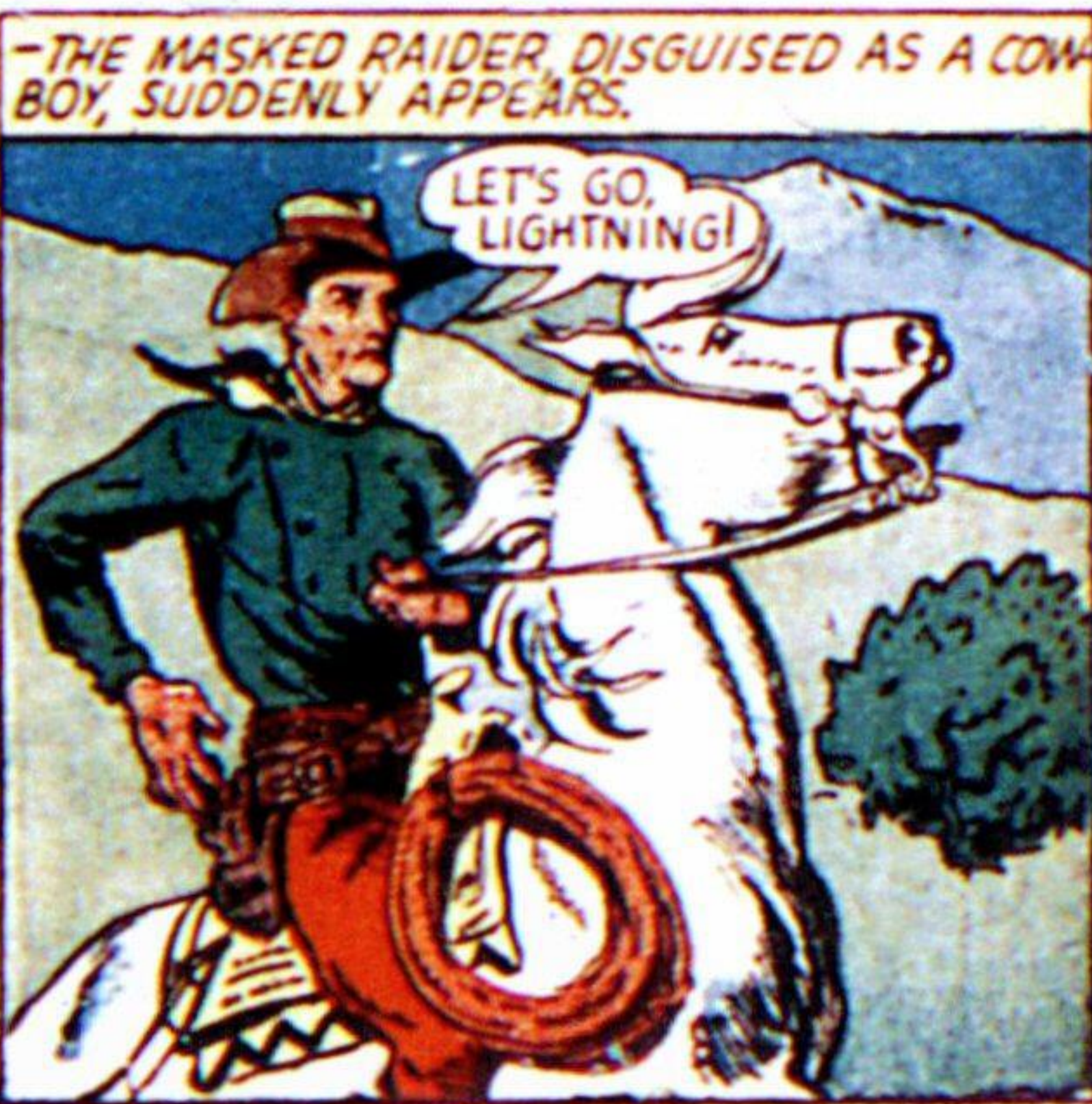
PULL UP THERE!

HEY!



—THE MASKED RAIDERS, DISGUISED AS A COWBOY, SUDDENLY APPEARS.

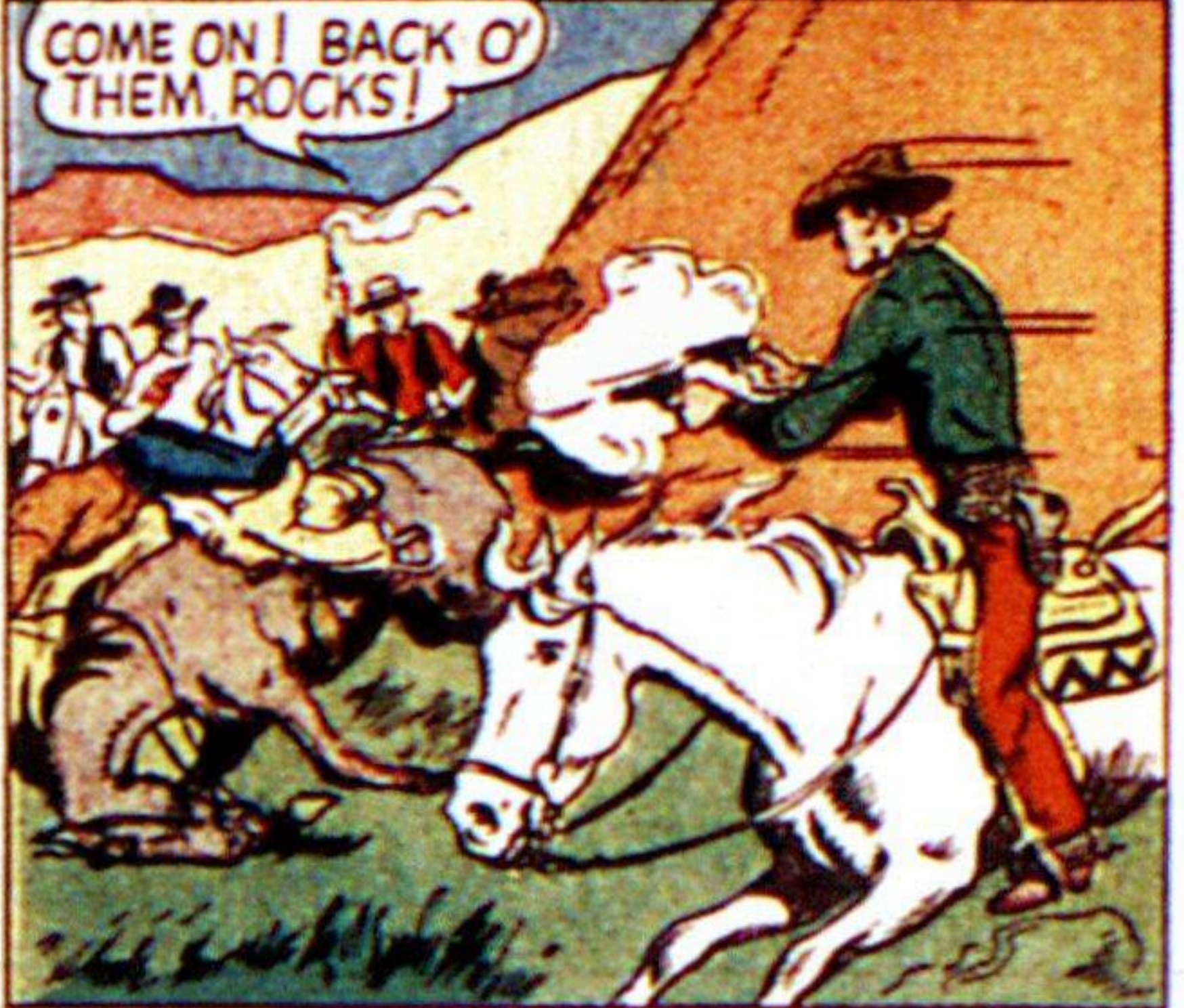
LET'S GO, LIGHTNING!



AND, GUNS BLAZING, THUNDERS TO THE PARKERS' AID.



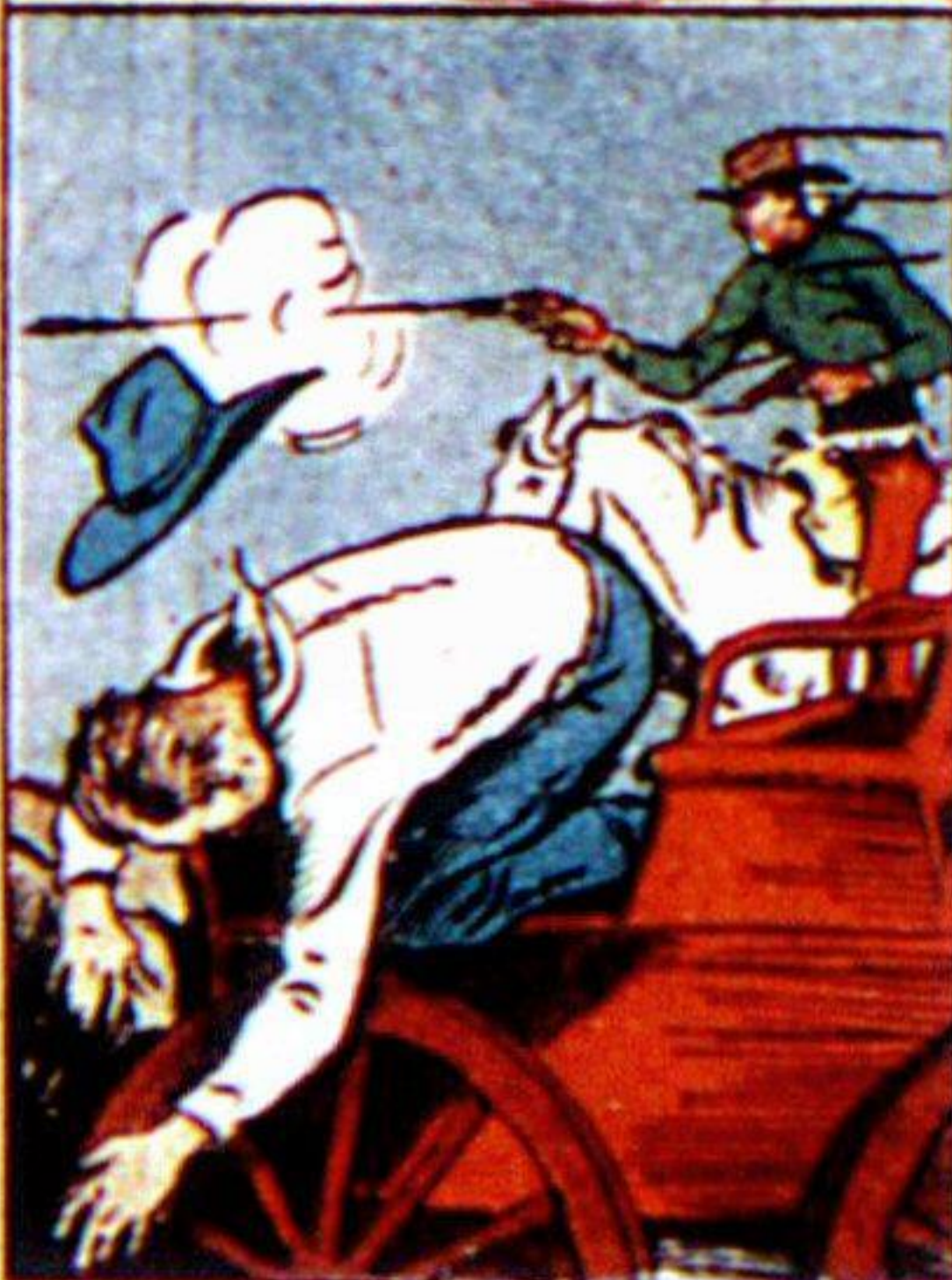
UNDER FURIOUS FIRE, THE HOLD-UP GANG GIVES GROUND. BUT—



—THEY WING NAT PARKER,—



—AND BADLY WOUND THE BOY BEFORE—



—THEY RIDE AWAY!



THEY JES' CLIPPED MUH SHOULDER, IS TH' BOY ALIVE?

YES— I'LL GET YOU BOTH TO A DOCTOR.



THE MASKED RAIDER NOTICES THE BRAND ON A DEAD HORSE LEFT BY THE OUTLAWS.



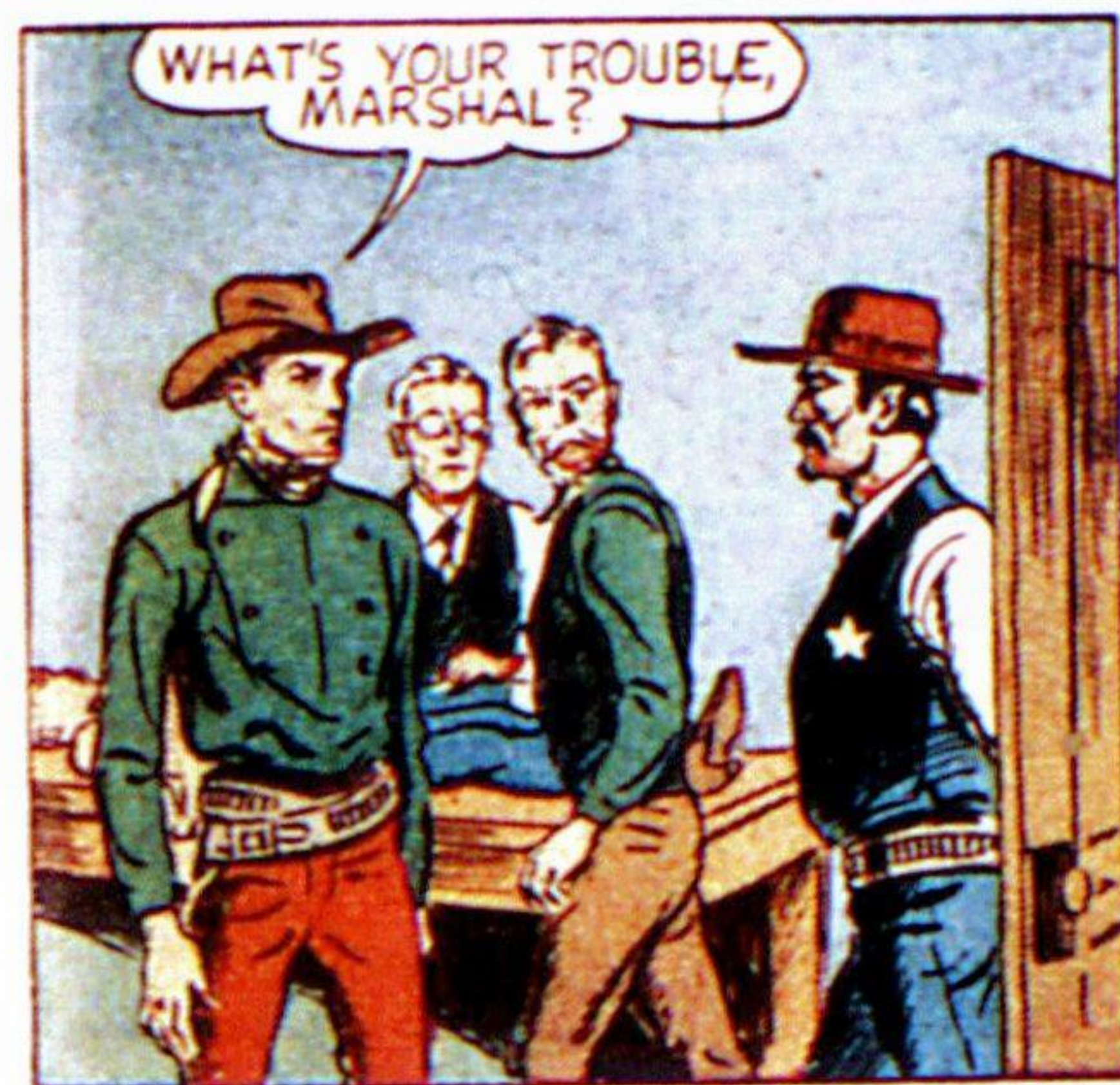
THEY RACE MADLY TO SAVE
THE BOY'S LIFE.



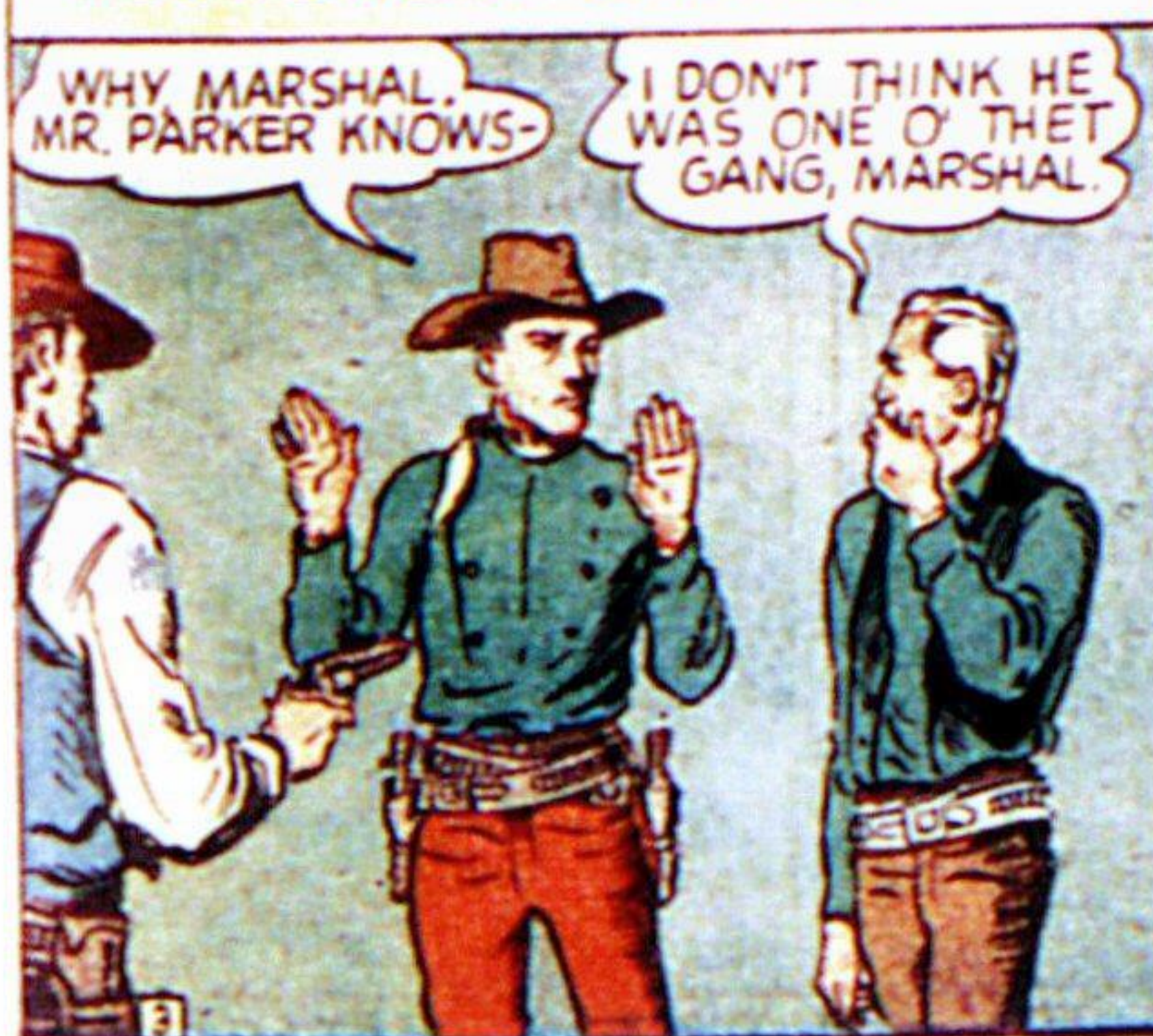
AS THE DOCTOR DRESSES
THE BOY'S WOUNDS—



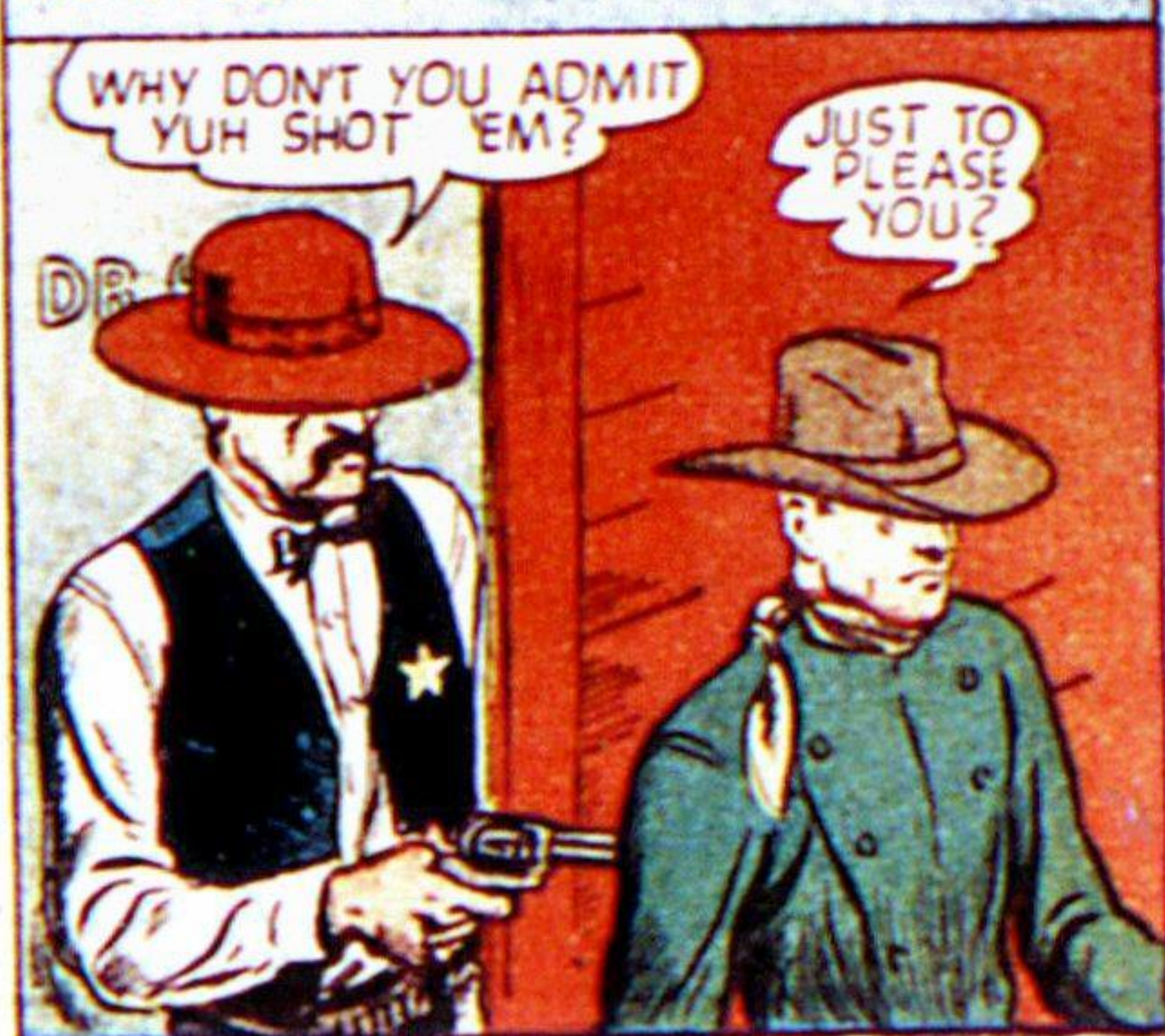
—THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE
DOOR, AND THE MARSHAL
ENTERS.



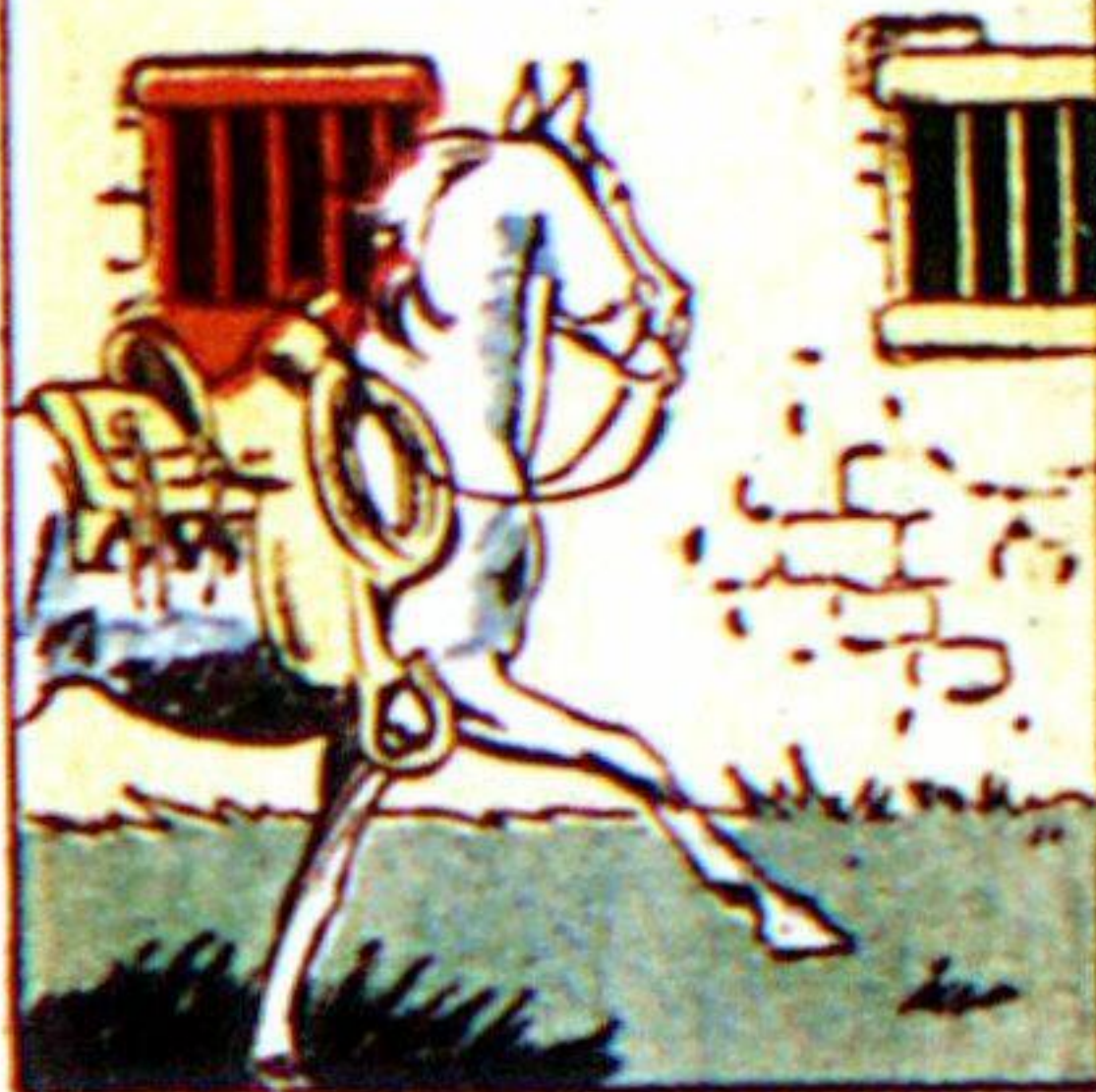
PARKER TRIES TO HELP THE RAIDER, BUT
THE MARSHAL ISN'T CONVINCED—



—AND, UNABLE TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE,
THE RAIDER IS TAKEN TO JAIL.



THAT NIGHT, THE MASKED RAIDER PLANS HIS ESCAPE. A SHRILL WHISTLE SUMMONS LIGHTNING, AND —



EASY, NOW, LIGHTNING!



STRAINING AGAINST THE ROPES, LIGHTNING RIPS OUT THE BARS, AND —

GOOD BOY!

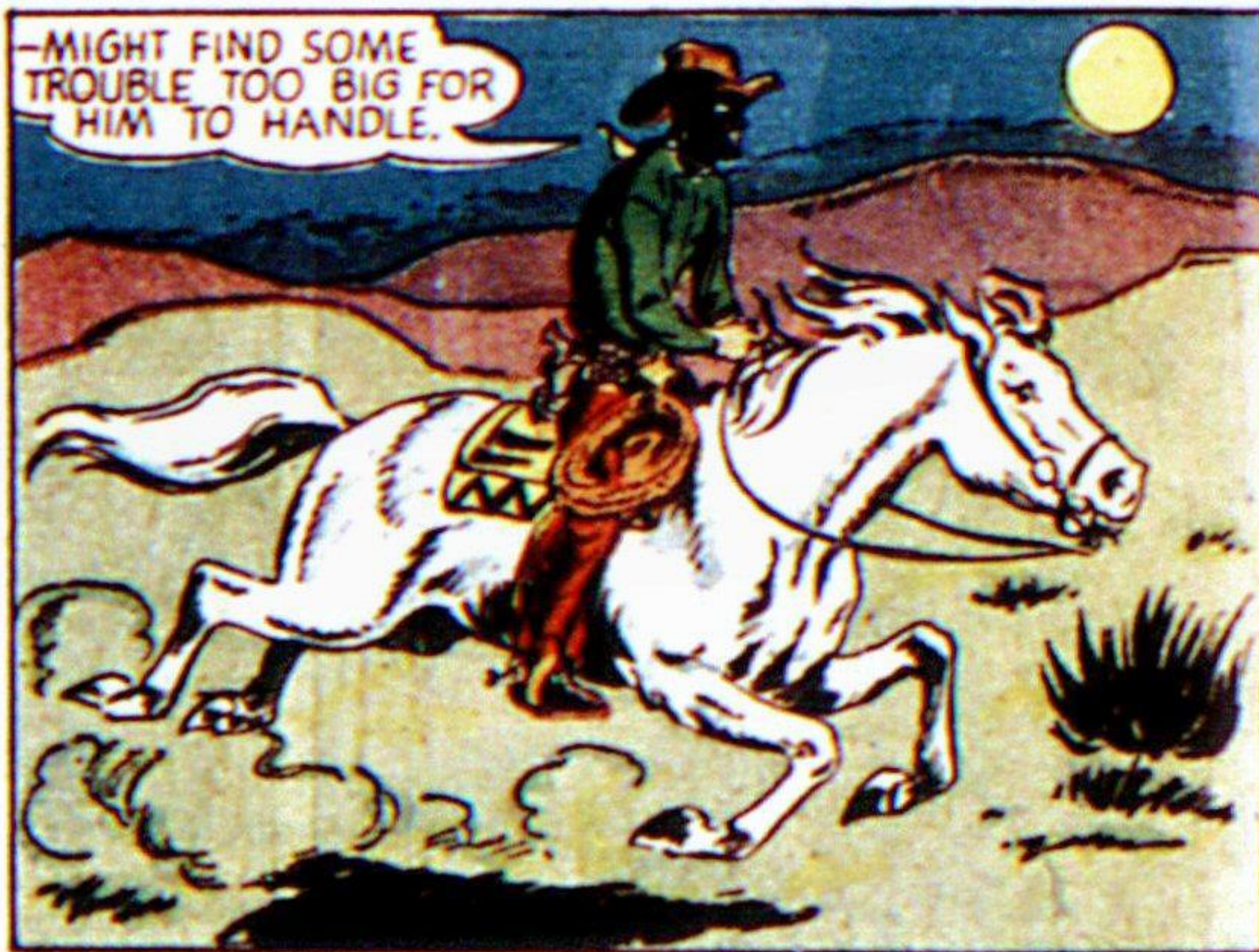


—THE RAIDER ESCAPES. PUTTING ON HIS MASK, HE —

WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY LIGHTNING, OR OUR FRIEND PARKER —



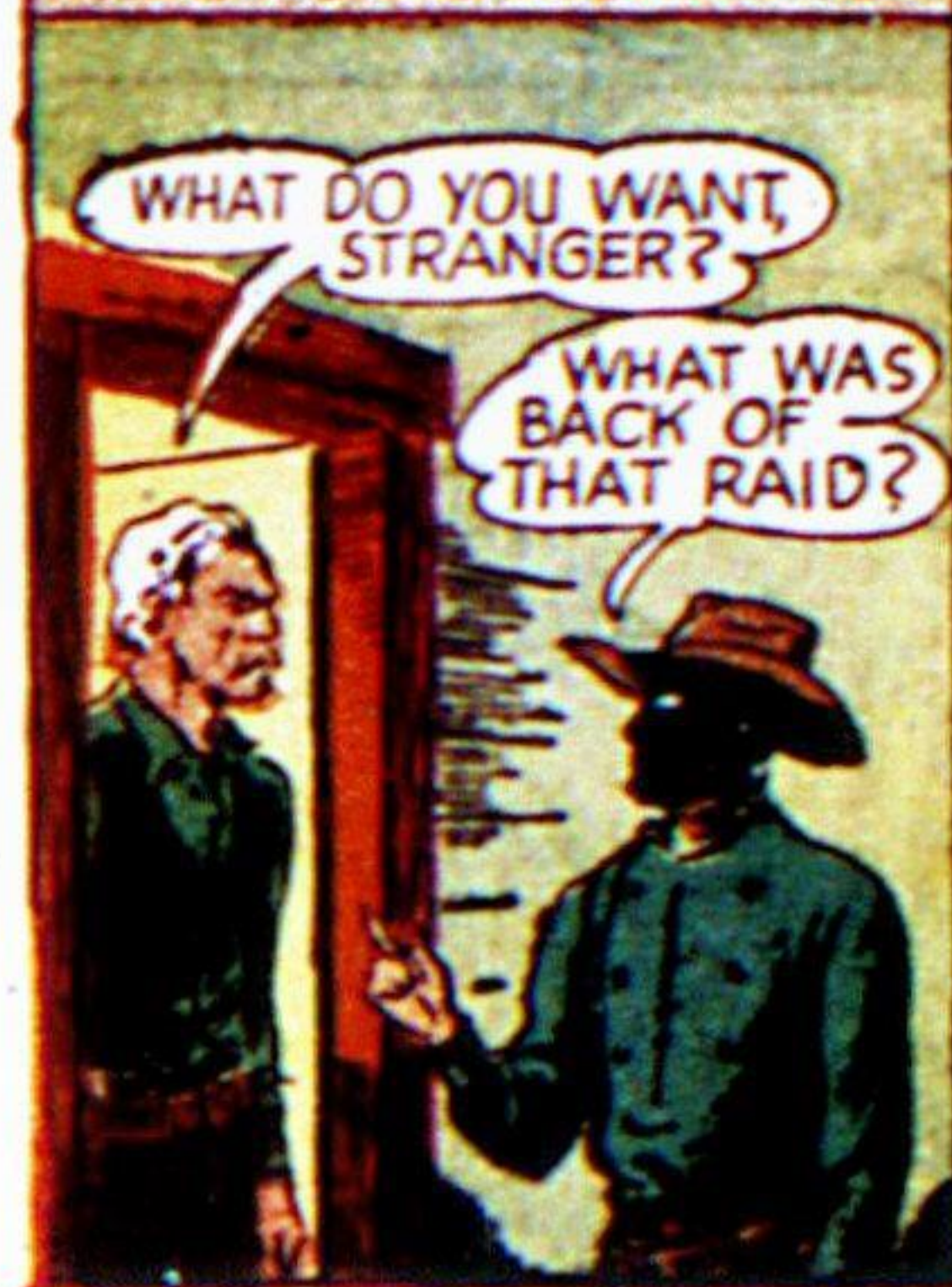
—MIGHT FIND SOME TROUBLE TOO BIG FOR HIM TO HANDLE.



AT PARKER'S RANCH, THE RAIDER EXPLAINS WHO HE IS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, STRANGER?

WHAT WAS BACK OF THAT RAID?



PARKER DESCRIBES THE MASKED GANG'S ACTIVITIES.

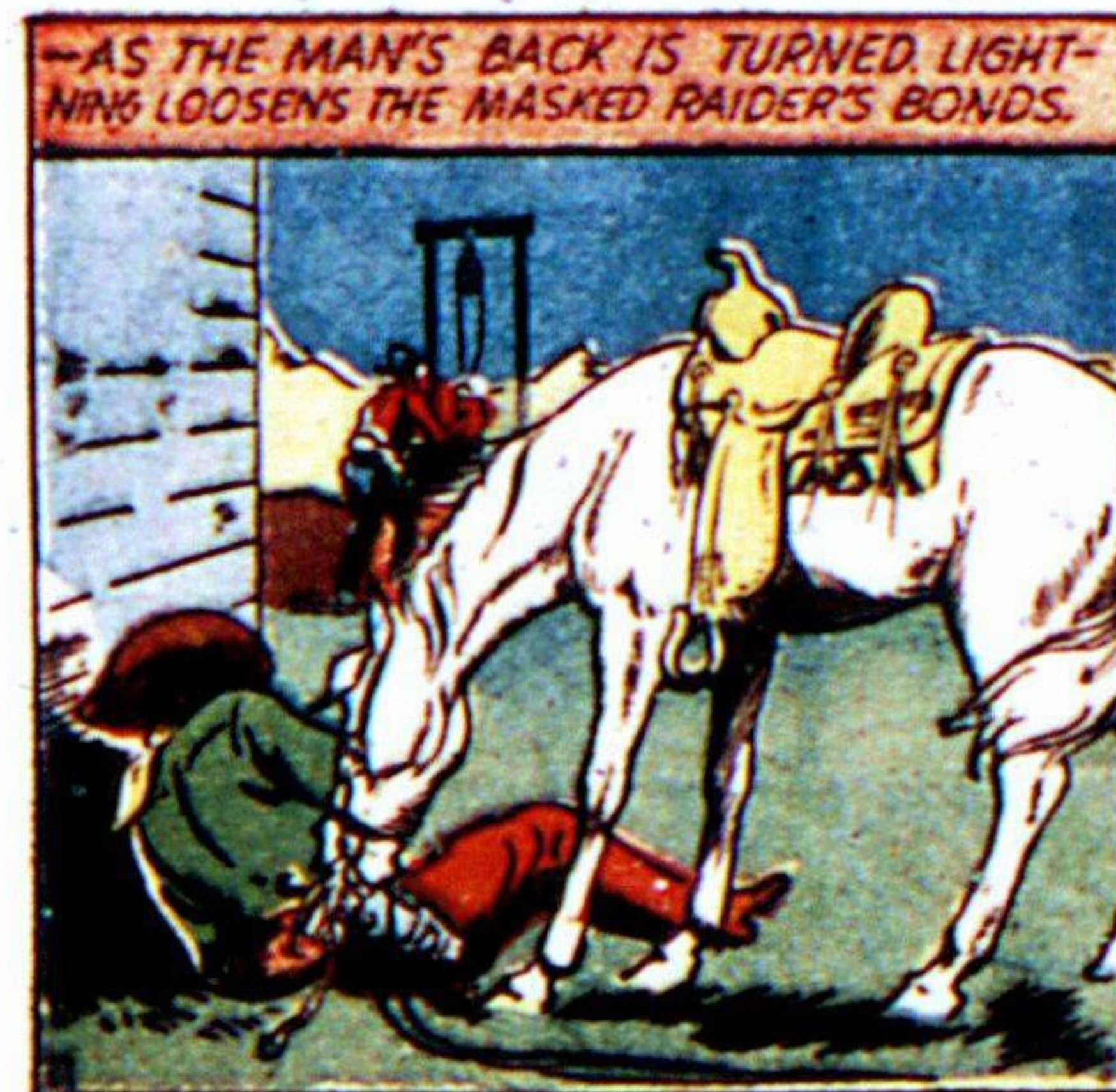
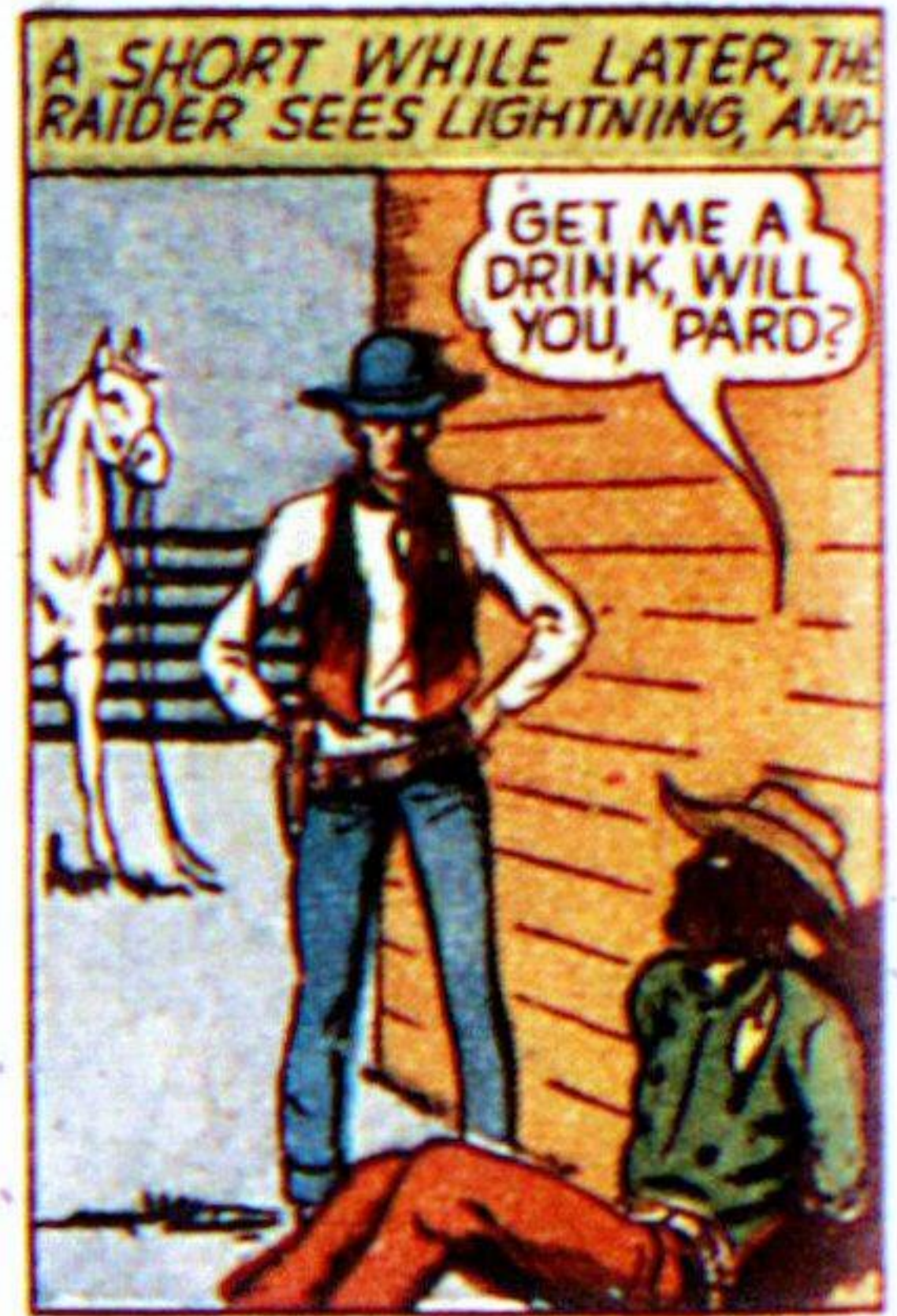
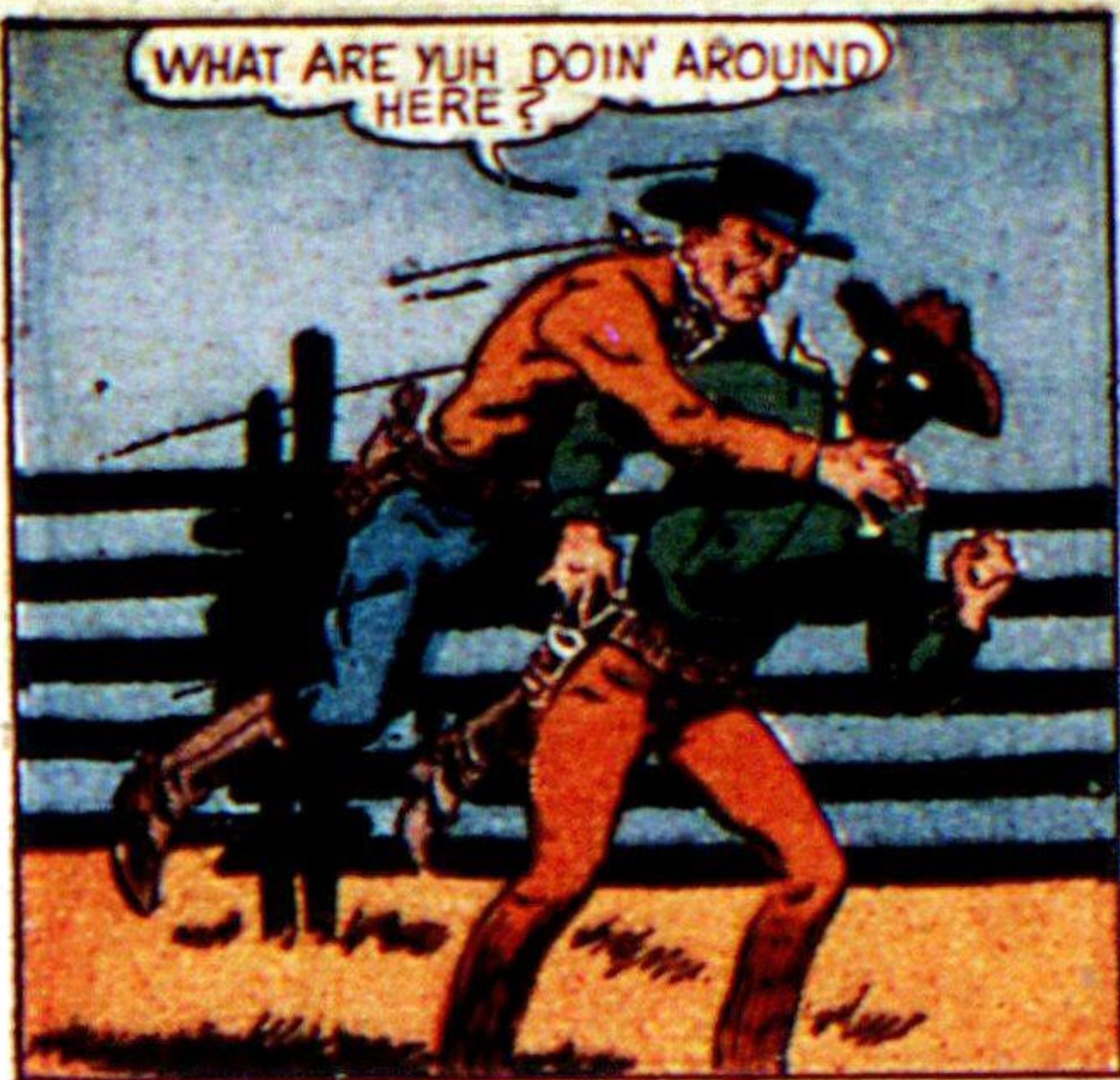
FIRST, THEY RAIDED MY CATTLE, THEN THEY STOLE MY HORSES, THEN THEY KILLED MY RANCH HANDS —



AS PARKER RECOUNTS HIS TROUBLES, A GUN SUDDENLY APPEARS AT THE WINDOW, AND —











CLOSE IN ON EM, PARKER!

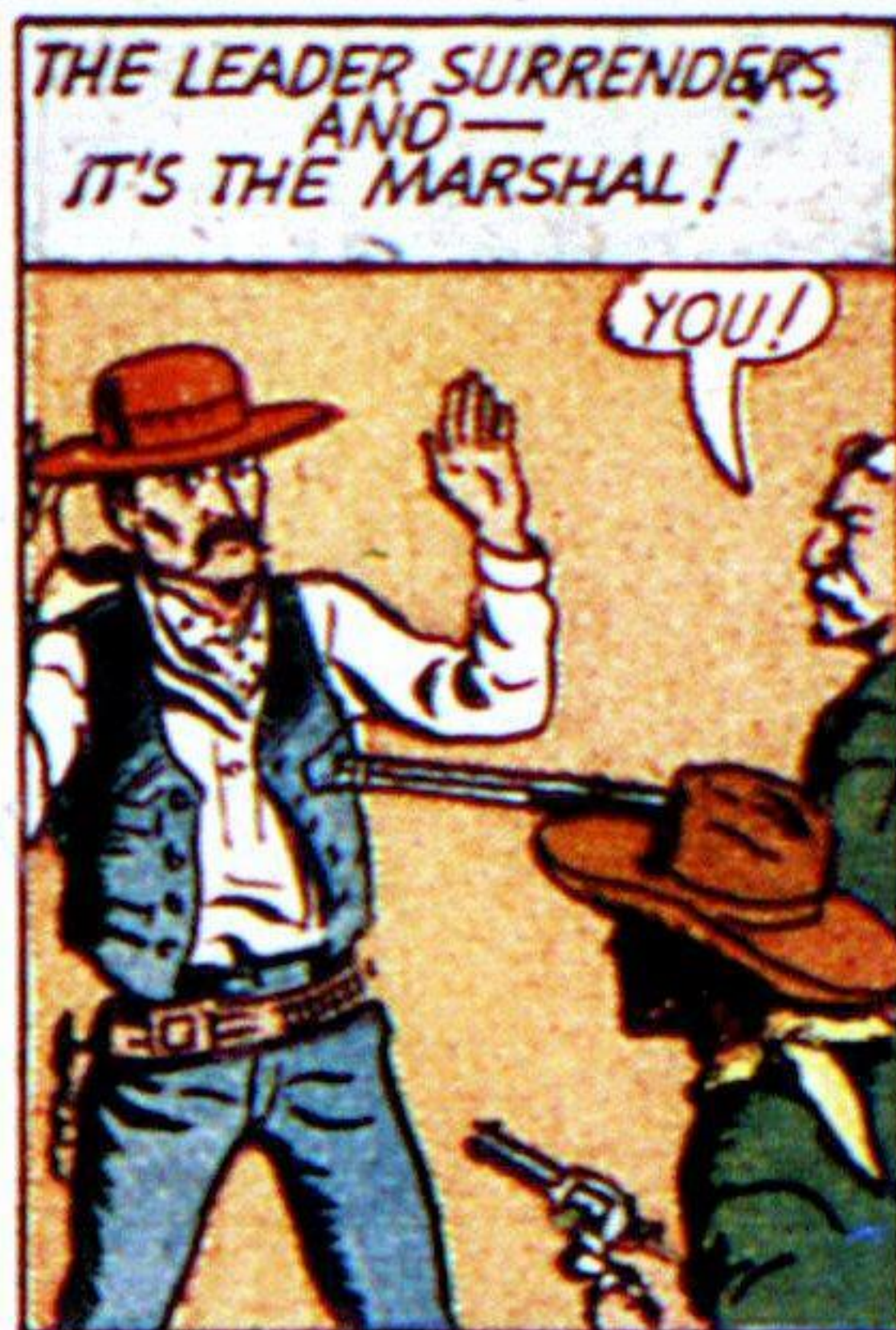


THEY CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

KEEP SHOOTING!



THE GANG LEADER'S LAST MAN DROPS.



THE LEADER SURRENDERS, AND— IT'S THE MARSHAL!

YOU!



THE HOUSE WAS BEYOND SAVING, BY THE TIME THEY HAD SUBDUED THE KILLERS.

GUESS THERE AIN'T NO USE TRYIN' TO STOP HER, STRANGER.

NO, I'M AFRAID NOT.



AND THE MARSHAL HAD TRIED TO PIN A CRIME ON THE MASKED RAIDER!

SO—YOU'RE THE BRAINS BACK OF THOSE RATS!

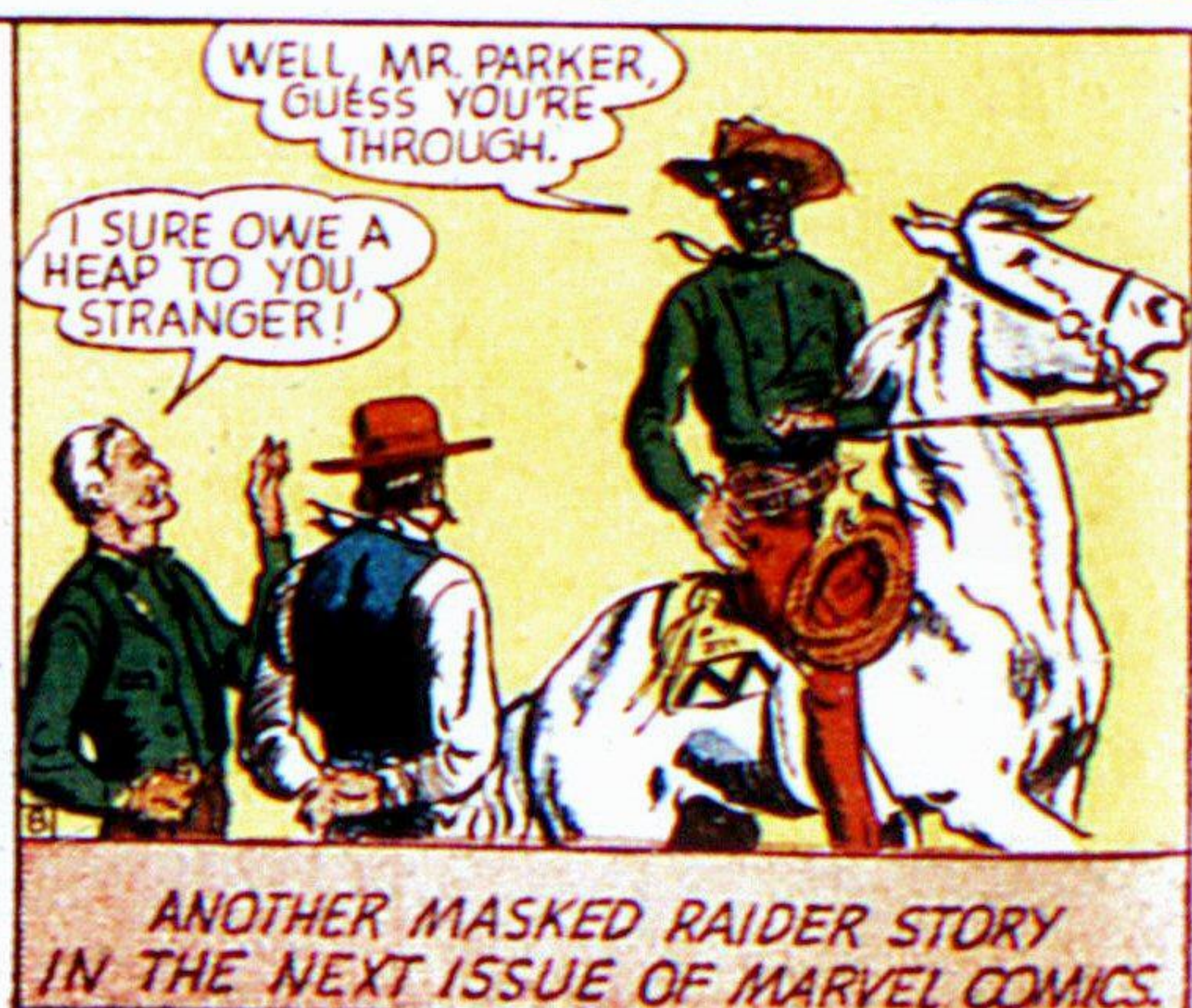
GUESS YOU'VE GOT THE DROP ON ME, MASKED MAN!



PARKER NEVER KNEW HE HAD PAY DIRT RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE.

WE NEVER KNEW YOUR RANCH WAS RICH IN MINERALS

WHAT?



WELL, MR. PARKER, GUESS YOU'RE THROUGH.

I SURE OWE A HEAP TO YOU, STRANGER!

ANOTHER MASKED RAIDER STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS.

BLASTING BOMBERS!

*A Yankee Flyer Takes a Hand When
He Sees a Helpless Air Force
Attacked By a Bully!*

By David C. Cooke



THE war had no more than started. At noon that day the Red horde struck for the first time at Vinland, driving past the flimsily-guarded border with thousands and thousands of well-trained troops and tanks. But the small Vinn army was putting up a gallant front. It had already destroyed scores of tanks with well-placed traps, and the Nussian troops were being blasted sky-high by land mines that had been placed at strategic positions.

But even though the infantry was holding back the enemy, Sinki was deadly afraid of an air raid. As soon as the first news of the invasion clicked through the wires, the women and children had been removed to safer sections of the snow-covered countryside.

LOU HERBERT strolled aimlessly through the almost deserted streets of Sinki. He was in a dilemma. Here he was, an American airplane salesman, who should in all rights be neutral. But, after all, being a Yank made the thought of conquest of a small nation even more difficult to swallow.

He suddenly turned with deliberation, took his hands from his pockets, and walked rapidly in the direction from whence he had come. "Like the devil!" he said to himself. "Maybe our Ambassador will, bawl me out, but I'm going to take a hand in this anyway!"

Lou hailed a cab at the main street and instructed the driver to take him to the airport as rapidly as possible. And since there were very few cars on the streets, the driver opened his throttle wide and roared through the city at a high speed.

When they reached the airport, the klaxons were already blasting. Lou understood the language, and heard the men yelling that a flight of Nussian bombers had been sighted crossing the border. Lou paid the driver, legged from the cab, and ran rapidly toward the hangar that housed his sleek low-wing Hoffman fighter.

Herbert knew that he had no official sanction to participate in an air battle, so he waited until the Vinn planes had taken off. Then he gunned his Hoffman, sped down the field as his mighty motor turned over more rapidly, and hoiked into the air. He spied the Vinn fighters in the distance, and he pointed the nose of his ship for altitude, heading in the same direction as the defender's planes.

THE Nussian airplanes were sighted just outside the limits of Sinki. They were heavy bombers of the Gorki type, and were flying very slowly because of the "eggs" that they carried.

The flight of Vinn ships attacked the Red raiders in a group, and almost immediately two of the bombers burst into flames and started to spiral toward the earth in wide circles. The air was alive with tension as machine gun tracers spat and crossed in their mad paths of destruction.

"Well, here I go!" exclaimed Lou, throwing his throttle forward and souping up his engine. "It looks like these fellows are doing all right by themselves, but I'm going to put my two cents in, too!" The big engine up front sang in a burst of power and the American fighter plunged through the low-hanging clouds like a bolt of lightning.

Lou fastened himself on the tail of one of the bombers, glued his eye to his gun sight, and pressed hard on his stick buttons. Four streams of cupro-nickel slugs spat from his machine guns and hurtled through the air at

the ship. The bullets weaved a crazy line up the fuselage, and then the ship went out of control as they reached the cockpit and buried in the pilot's back. The ship seemed to stagger a moment, when it pointed up at a crazy angle before its plunge of death. But as it nosed down, another Nussian plane appeared directly beneath, and the two ships crashed head-on.

A GARGANTUAN explosion ripped the heavens. The two ships scattered parts into the wing, which slammed full blast into another bomber and threw it out of control.

A mirthless smile played around Lou's lips as he turned toward another Red ship. Now there were only three left. The Vinns had done good work and had not even lost one ship. And as the Yank looked, another bomber exploded from the defender's bullets. Two left!

Lou turned on one that was trying to flee, left the other for the Vinns. He pulled up under the ship—to be met by a hail of lead from the bomber's rear gun. Herbert hastily pulled into a chandelle, screwed up over the ship, and then swooped down in a thunderous dive. He let go with all his guns, and broke in his cannon for good luck.

The slugs buried in the bomber's turtle-deck, sending metal flying from the ship, and then the big shells hit! A salvo of them smashed into the wing root, and the left panel ripped off. The ship flipped over suddenly and tossed the other wing away. Then the wingless fuselage pointed straight down and sped through the clouds like a streamlined brick.

Lou turned in his seat, saw that the remaining bomber had surrendered and was coming down for a landing under the threat of the Vinns' guns. Then he settled back again, smiled—genuine this time. "Well, that's that for today," he beamed. "Who says that a little country is helpless? Huh, that Nussian bear is just like an ocean liner in a bathtub. It's too big for its own good!"

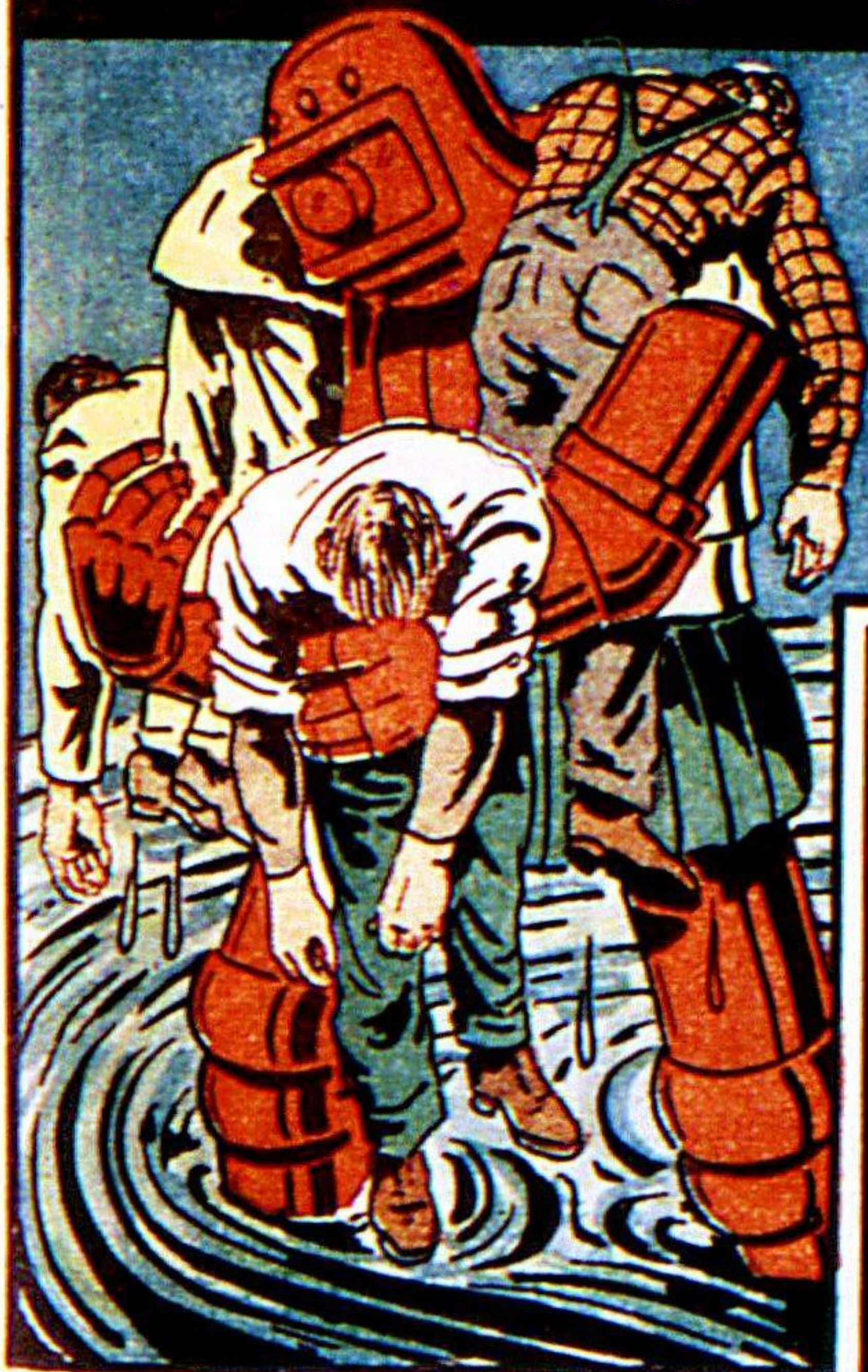


The End

ELECTRO

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE

STEVE DAHLMAN



EXCESSIVE RAINS HAVE CAUSED THE MIGHTY OHIO RIVER TO OVERFLOW ITS BANKS ---THE SWEEPING TORRENTS CRUSH AND DEMOLISH EVERYTHING IN ITS SURGING, TERRIFYING PATH --- !



PROFESSOR ZOG, MILLIONAIRE HUMANITARIAN, HAS BEEN NOTIFIED AND BESEECHED, BY HUNDREDS, TO OFFER THE MIGHTY SERVICES OF ELECTRO, HIS WONDER-ROBOT, IN RESCUING THE SUFFERING AND DYING FLOOD REFUGEES, OUT OF REACH FROM ALL HUMAN AID..... FRANTIC WIRES CONTINUE TO POUR INTO ELECTRO HEADQUARTERS.



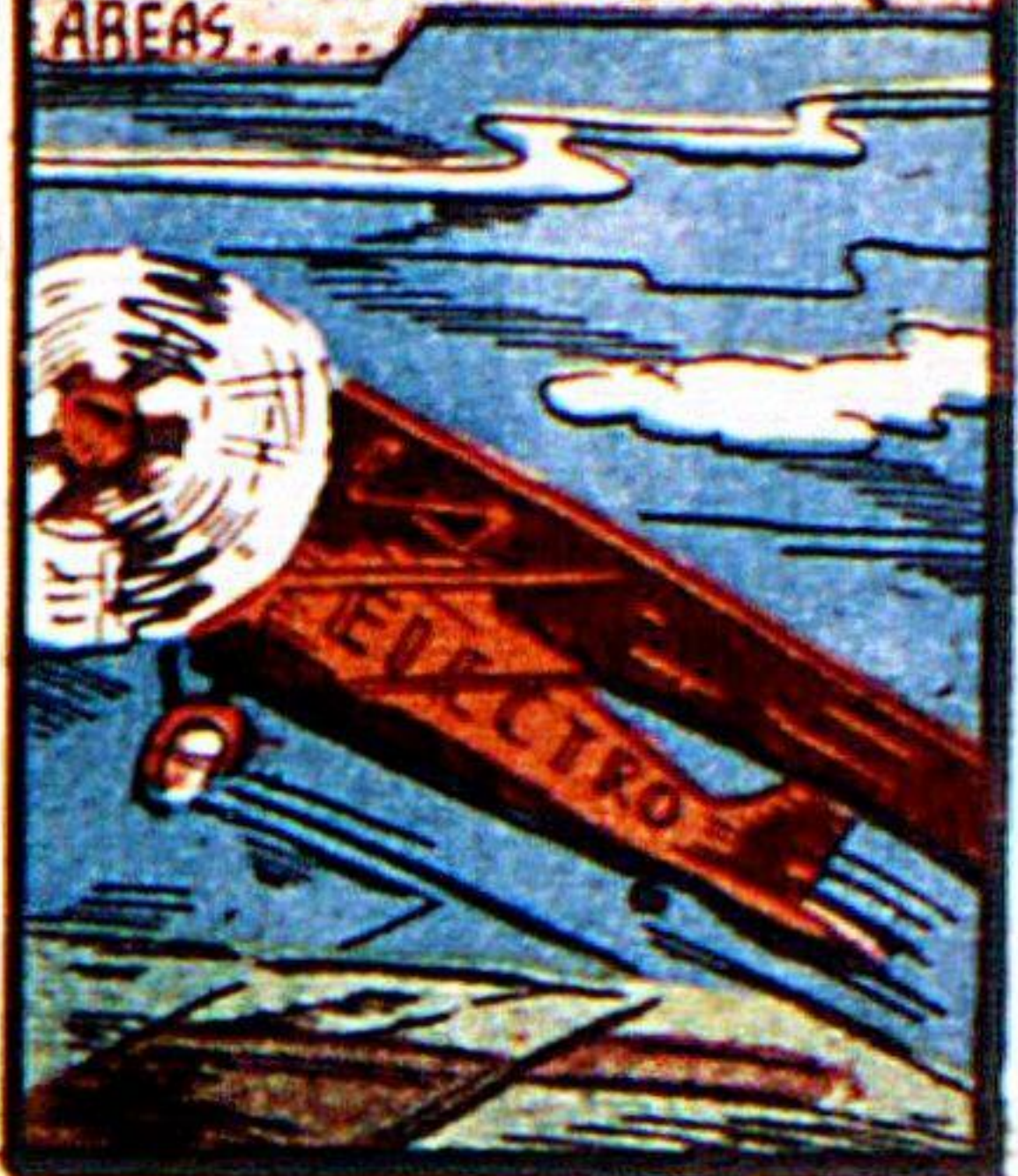
ANOTHER TELEGRAM PROFESSOR!

THE PROFESSOR RESPONDS, SUMMONING TWO OF HIS TRUSTY OPERATIVES...

YOU MEN TAKE ELECTRO AND FLY TO THE TROUBLE ZONES !



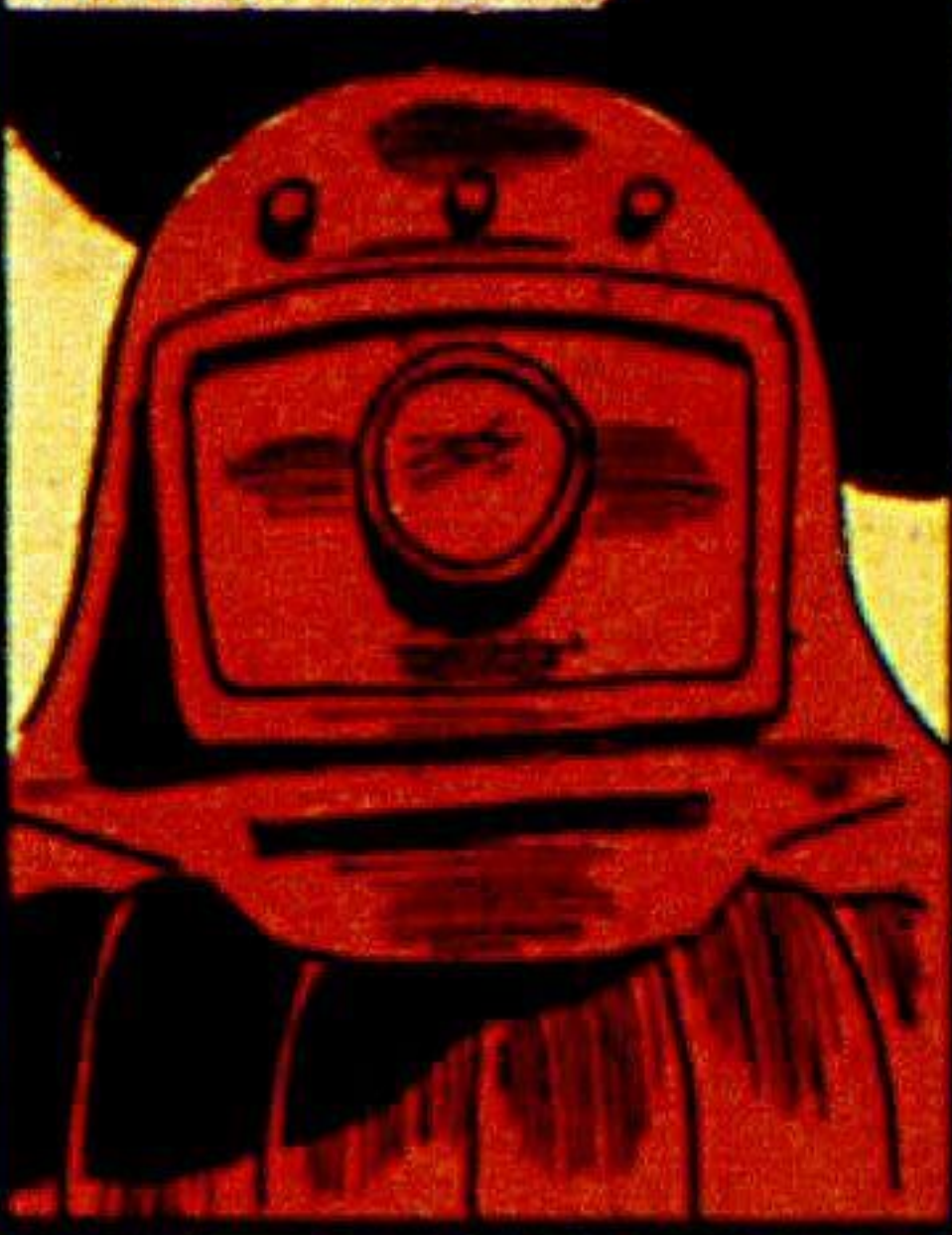
THE PLANE SOARS ALOFT, CARRYING ELECTRO AND HIS OPERATORS, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE STRICKEN FLOOD AREAS.....



ELECTRO RANSACKS HOMES, UNDER THE OPERATOR'S EXPERT GUIDANCE, AND TEARS APART OBSTRUCTIONS, WITH UNBELIEVABLE EASE!



NOT A SINGLE PERSON IS MISSED UNDER THE SCRUTINIZING TELEVISION LENS ON ELECTRO'S HEADPIECE, THE TWO OPERATORS, IN THE PLANE, HIGH ABOVE THE MELEE, SEE EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF THE DEBRIS, AS IT IS TRANSMITTED TO THEIR TELEVISION SCREEN ---



LOOK! A WOMAN'S ARM IN THAT WRECKAGE!



TOWN AFTER TOWN IS THUS COVERED, THE WEARY OPERATORS TAKE TURNS IN DIRECTING ELECTRO IN THIS GIGANTIC RESCUE WORK -- DAY AND NIGHT UNCEASINGLY, THIS CONTINUES --



THEIR TANKS ARE RE-FUELED, IN THE AIR, FROM ANOTHER PLANE --



BELOW, GRATEFUL SUFFERERS SING HIGH PRAISES OF THIS MAGNIFICENT WONDER-MACHINE, AS SUFFERING IS ALLEVIATED AND LIVES ARE SAVED!



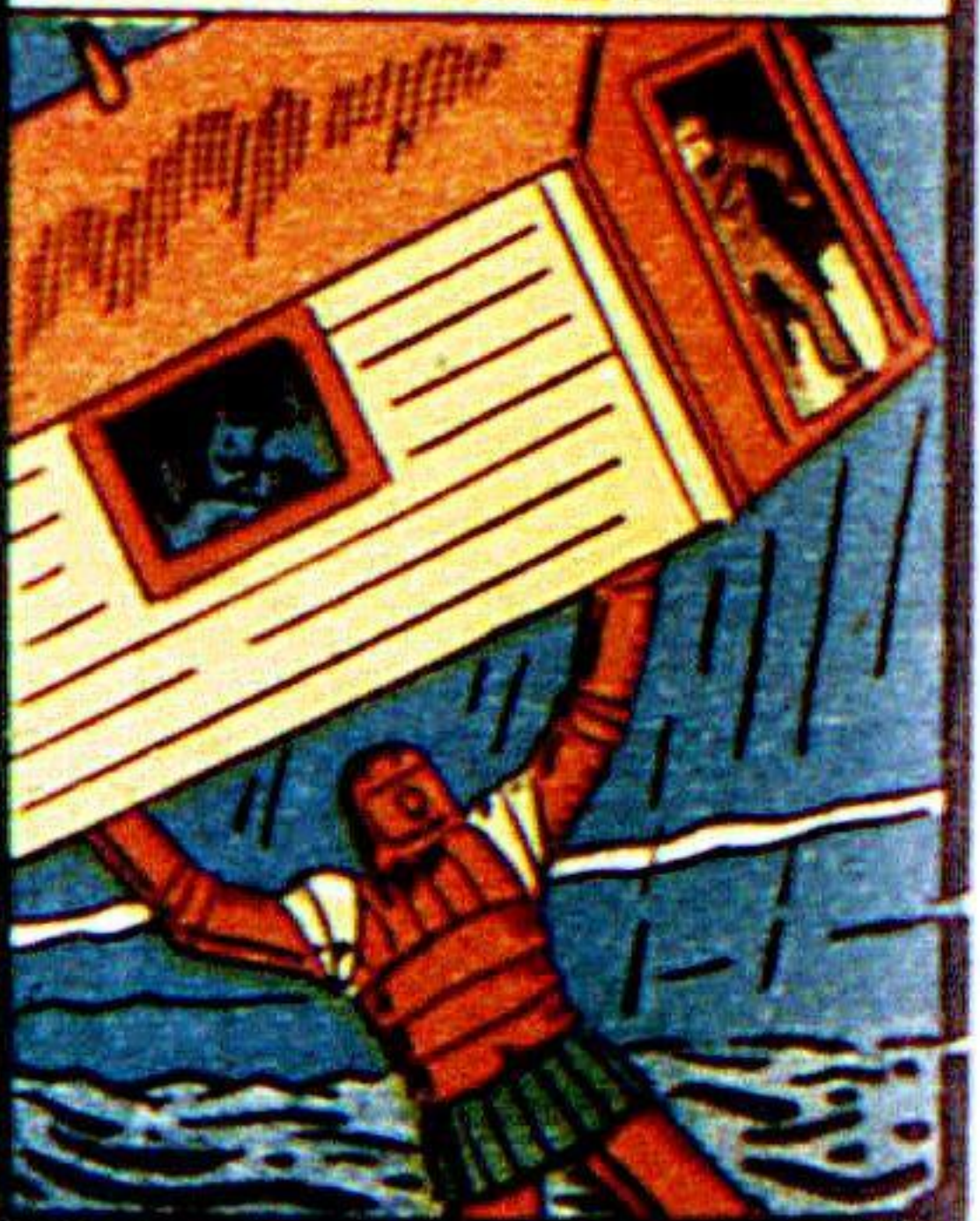
SOBBING MOTHERS REGAIN THEIR LITTLE ONES -- AND FATHERS OFFER SILENT PRAYERS OF THANKFULNESS --



EVERYONE EXPRESSES AWE AND AMAZEMENT AT THIS 8TH WONDER OF THE WORLD -- AS MIRACLES OF SUPER-STRENGTH ARE DONE BEFORE THEIR EYES!



ELECTRO CARRIES A SHACK FULL OF STARTLED PEOPLE OUT OF DANGER ---



MEANWHILE IN AN INLAND CITY A GROUP OF SINISTER MEN ARE PLOTTING EVIL UNDERTAKINGS -- IT'S "BOSS" SARPO, INFAMOUS OUTLAW AND HIS GANG OF RUTHLESS HENCHMEN.



I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA! WE CAN GET RICH THROUGH THIS FLOOD DISASTER!



THERE'S A NUMBER OF CITIES ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT POLICE PROTECTION DURING THE HIGH-WATER! NOBODY'S GUARDIN' TH' BANKS AND STORES!



IT'S A SWELL ANGLE, BOSS! -- WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?



A BANK IS LOOTED -- A CROOK IN DIVING EQUIPMENT REACHES THE SUBMERGED SAFE ---



-- AND HANDS BOXES OF MONEY TO HIS PARTNERS IN A MOTOR BOAT ---



OKAY, JOE, WE'LL TAKE TH' FIRST NATIONAL NEXT!

ANOTHER BANDIT MOTORBOAT DRAWS UP TO A PARTIALLY FLOODED STORE --



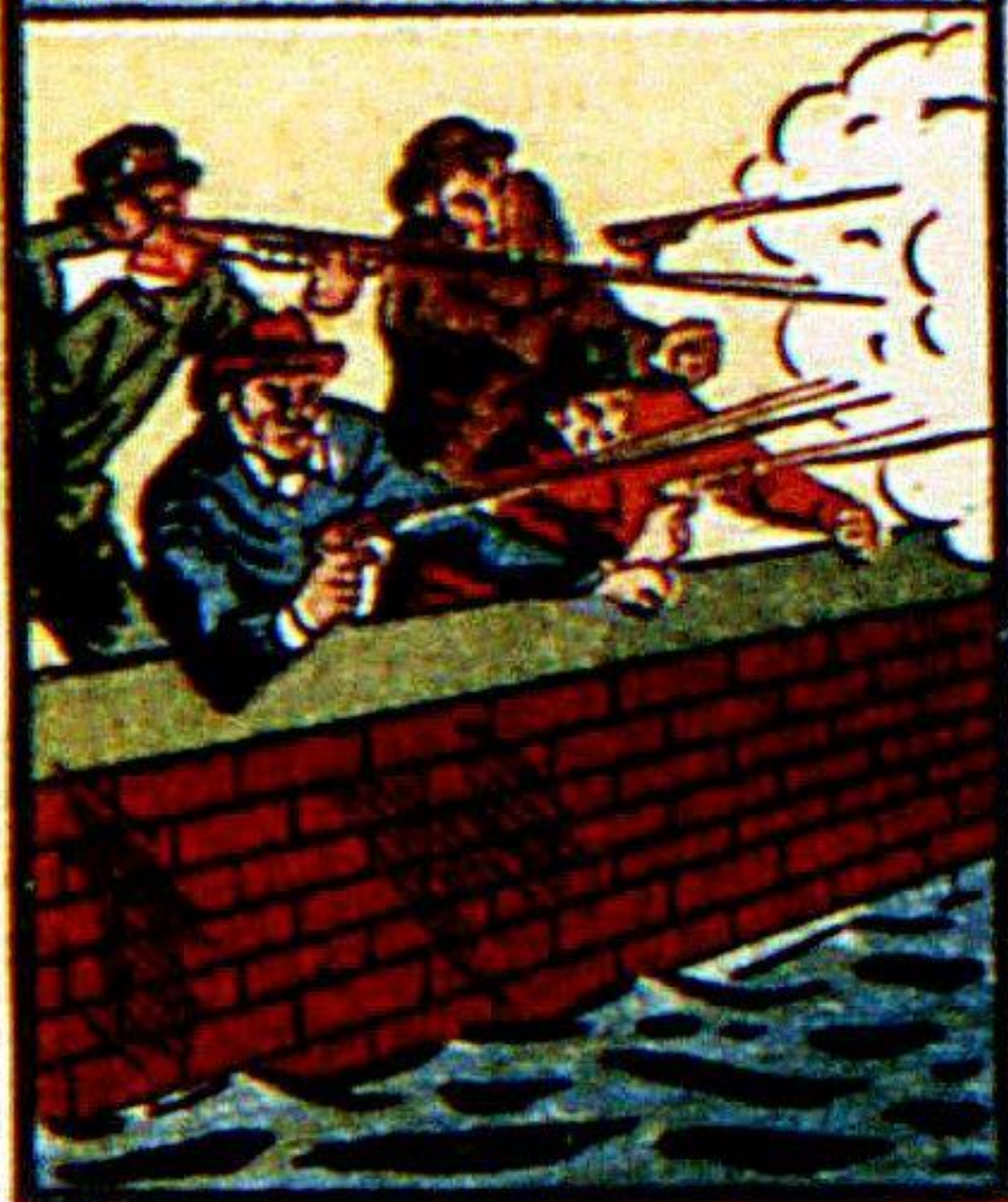
REALIZING THE CROOKS' MOTIVE, THE OWNER OPENS FIRE FROM THE ROOF-TOP.



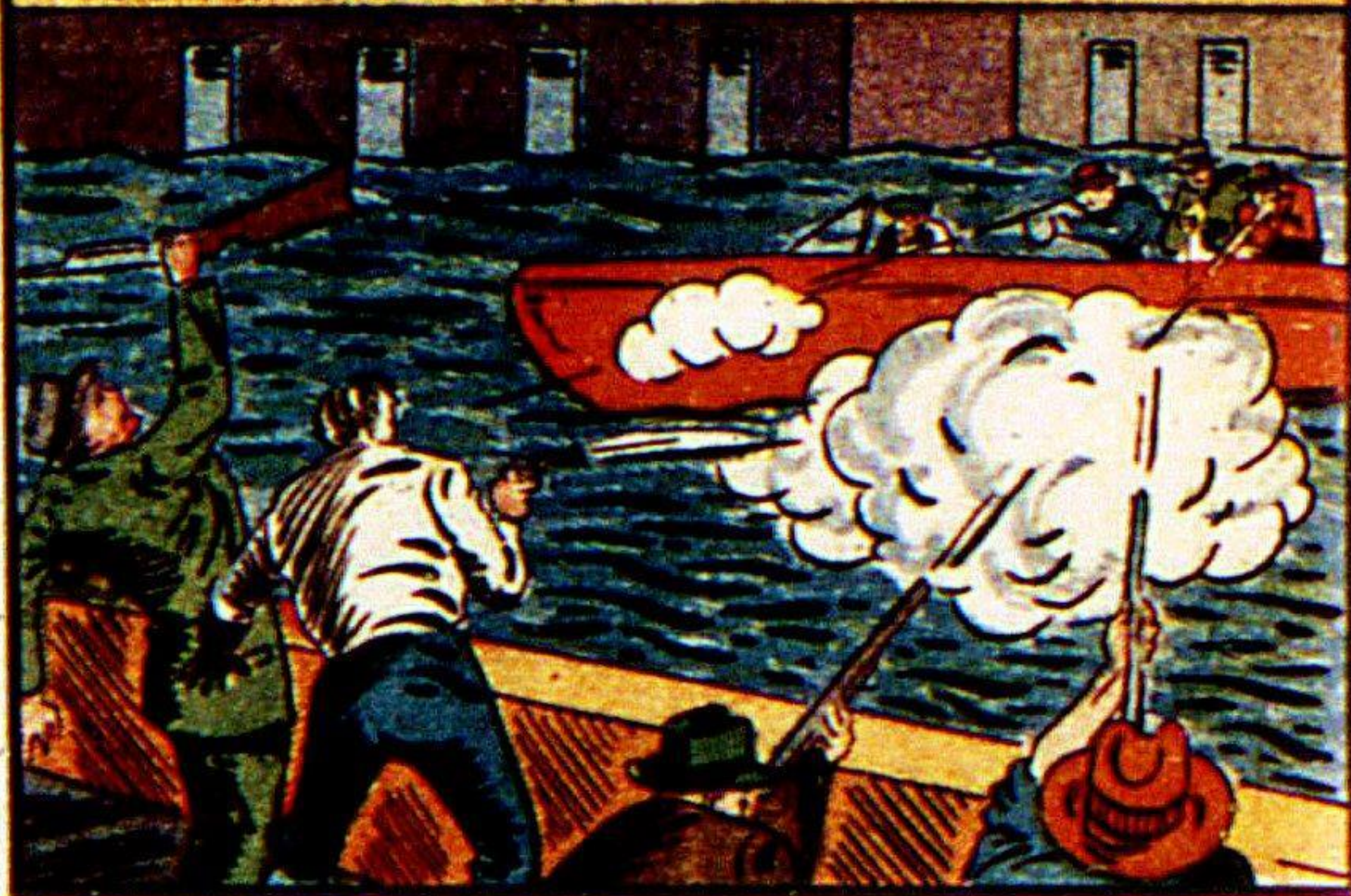
HE IS RIDDLED WITH MACHINE GUN BULLETS!



JUST AS THE BANDITS ARE LOADING UP MORE STOLEN FUNDS, THEY'RE FIRED UPON BY SEVERAL OF THE LOCAL CITIZEN'S....



RIFLE FIRE MINGLES WITH THE RATTLE OF SUB-MACHINE GUNS — THE DIN IS TERRIFIC !!!



THE BOATS DRIFT CLOSER IN THE SWIRLING TIDES, AND A HAND TO HAND STRUGGLE TAKES PLACE ON THE ROOFTOP !



THE LAST OF THE HEROIC CITIZENS FALLS INTO A WATERY GRAVE !



C'MAWN RED ! WE'RE THROUGH HERE — NOW FOR TH' NEXT TOWN !



WITH THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS THE OUTLAW CARAVAN SPEEDS TO A NEIGHBORING TOWN...



THE DESPERADOES USE ELECTRIC DRILLS TO BREAK DOWN OBSTRUCTIONS...



BUILDINGS ARE DESTROYED WITH DYNAMITE !



A COMPANY OF YIGILANTES GATHER ON A ROOF-TOP.

MEN - WE MUST STOP THESE MURDERING OUTLAWS !!! THE TOWN IS BEING RUINED !



THEY SHOVE OFF IN ROW-BOATS AND ADVANCE ON THE PLUNDERERS ...



LOOK, "BOSS" - HERE COMES MORE TROUBLE !

WITH A SHRILL WHISTLE SARPO SUMMONS ALL HIS GANGSTERS ...



GIVE 'EM ALL YA GOT, MEN !



THE TWO GROUPS BATTLE FURIOUSLY -- SOON THE SCENE RESEMBLES AN INFERNO, AS A BARRAGE OF SARPO'S HAND GRENADES ROCK NEARBY BUILDINGS.



OVERHEAD, IN THEIR PLANE, THE ELECTRO OPERATORS SEE THE FIERCE MELEE ...

LOOK, JIM ! WE'LL HAVE TO HELP THOSE TOWNSMEN !



HE DIRECTS THE WONDER-ROBOT ...

ELECTRO - ATTACK THOSE BANDITS !



ELECTRO RESPONDS -----



SARPO'S OUTLAWS ARE SUDDENLY HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF THE CHARGING ELECTRO



THEY TRAIN THEIR HIGH-POWERED RIFLES ON HIM. BUT-----

DESPITE A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT OF HAND-
GRENADES AND BULLETS, **ELECTRO**
KEEPS COMING !



SARPO'S GANGSTERS ARE
HASTILY GATHERED IN VISE-
LIKE ARMS...



MEANWHILE SARPO
HAS ELUDED THE "IRON-
MAN" - HE EDGES AL-
ONG ON A LEDGE WITH-
IN THE BUILDING...



HE PLACES A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE UNDER
SOME BRICKS, IN A CORNER -- AND LIGHTS
THE FUSE - THEN HASTILY RETREATS !

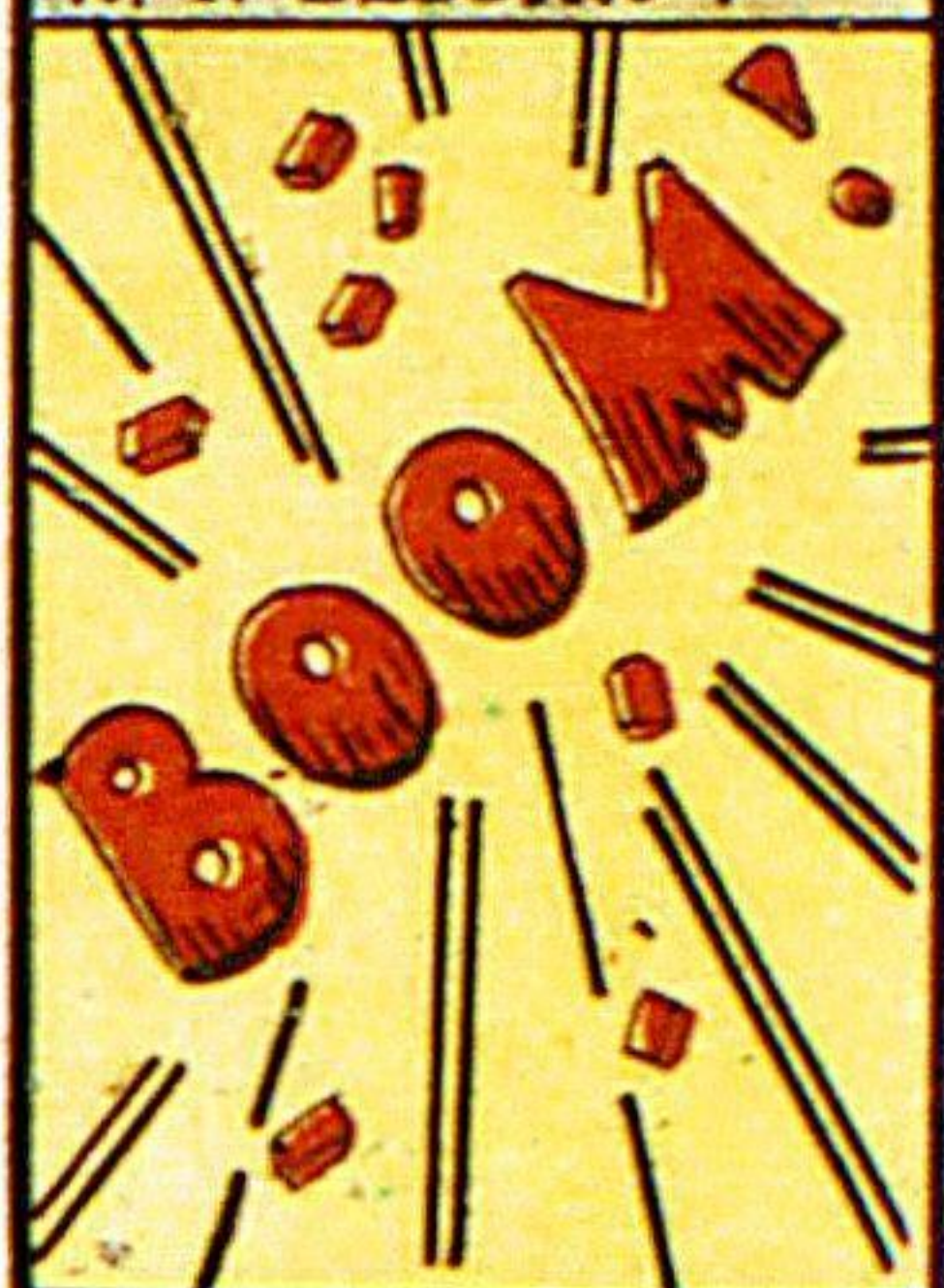
THAT'LL FINISH MR.
ELECTRO FOR ALL
TIME !



DIRECTLY BELOW, **ELECTRO** IS PICKING UP
THE LAST OF THE GANG



THERE IS A THUNDEROUS EX-
PLOSION - THE WHOLE
BUILDING COLLAPSES ON
TOP OF **ELECTRO** !



SARPO HURRIES TO THE
MOTORBOAT - WHICH IS
LOADED WITH THE STOLEN
MONEY BOXES...



- AND WITH MOTOR ROARING,
FLEES FROM THE SCENE OF
HIS CRIMES...



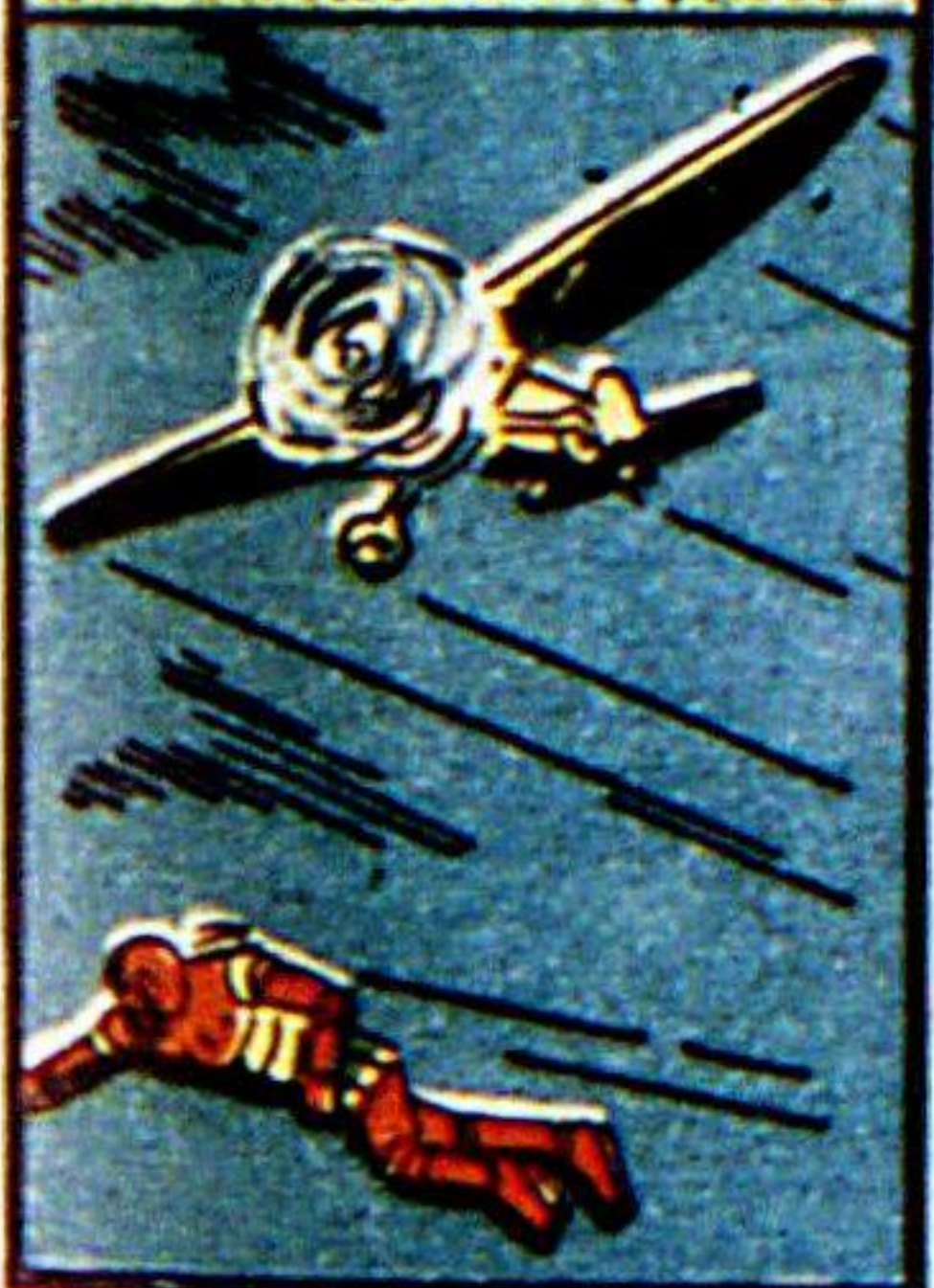
ON THE OPPOSITE BANK A COMPANY
OF MILITIA MARCHES TOWARD THE
TOWN -- THEY DON'T NOTICE THE
FLEEING SARPO...



BACK IN THE TOWN, THE
HUGE MOUNTAIN OF BRICKS
BEGINS TO MOVE !!!



HAVING SIGHTED THE FLEE-
ING SARPO, THE ELECTRO
OPERATORS DIRECT THE
WONDER-ROBOT TO PURSUE



LIKE AN ERUPTING VOLCANO, BRICKS FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS AND
ELECTRO EMERGES !!!



IN THE MEANTIME, SARPO HAS DOCKED HIS BOAT
AND WITH THE HELP OF A DISHONEST ACQUAINT-
ANCE, WHO IS A ZOO-KEEPER, HE CARRIES AWAY
THE LOOT...

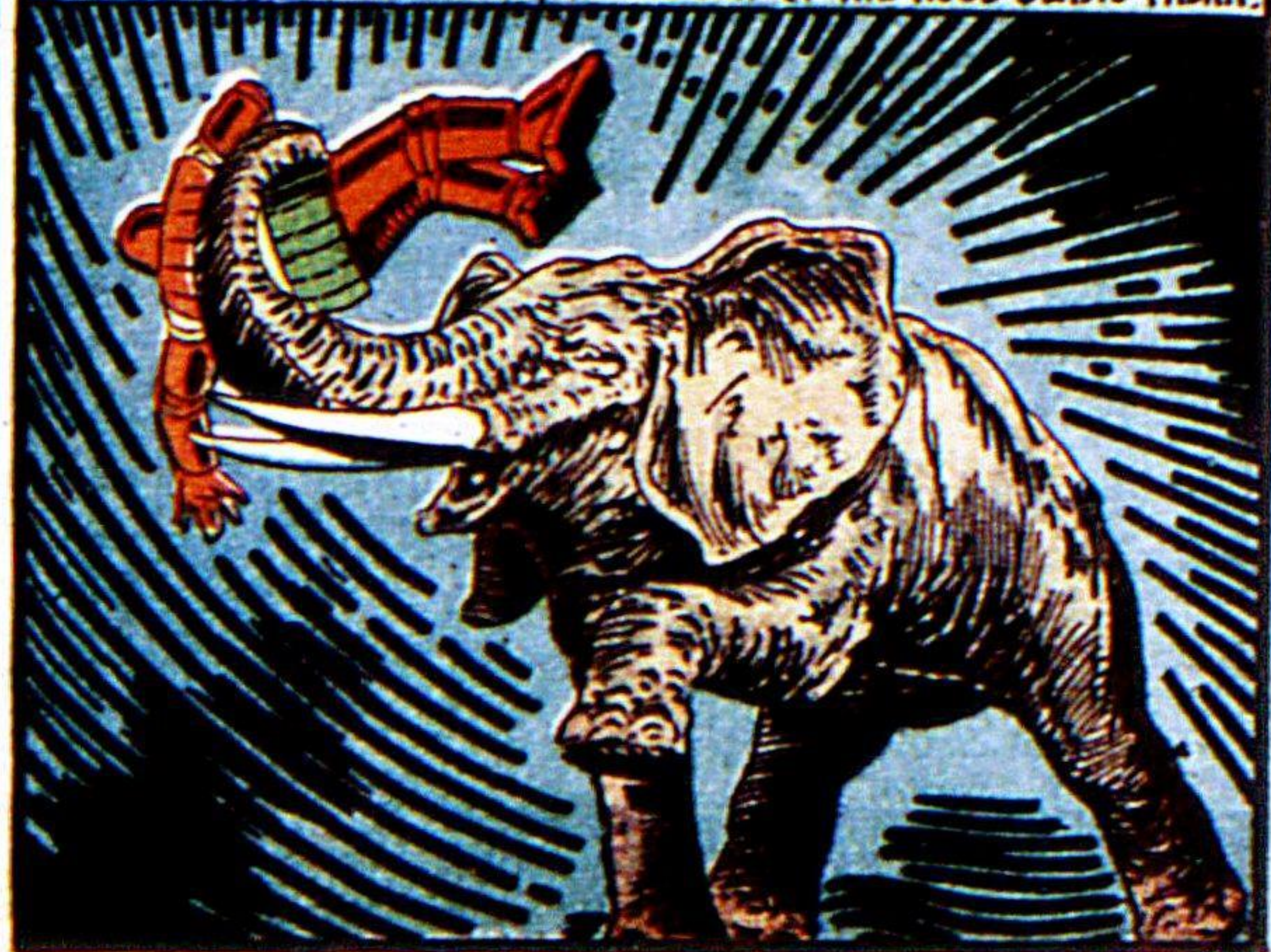


JUST AS THE LAST BOX
IS UNLOADED ELECTRO
ARRIVES...

YE GODS! IT'S
THAT THING!



ELECTRO IS SWUNG HIGH, IN THE GRIP OF THE HUGE BEAST'S TRUNK!



WAIT-I HAVE AN IDEA!
WE'LL TURN THE WILD
ELEPHANTS LOOSE!



CUTTING GREAT ROPES
THEY FREE THE MONSTER
ELEPHANTS!



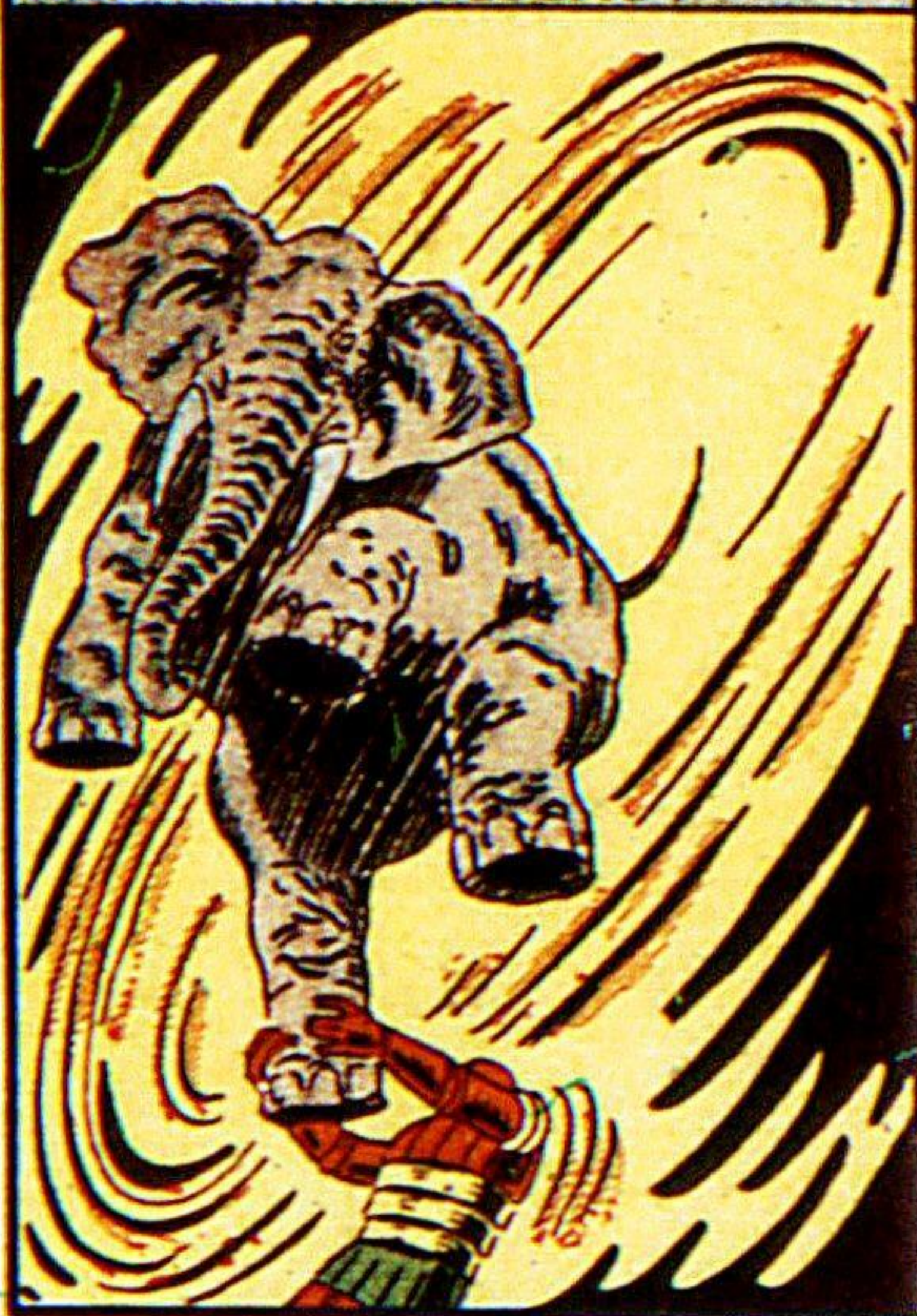
—AND WITH A TERRIFIC SWING HE IS CRASHED AGAINST THE BUILDING!



INSIDE OF ELECTRO THE MECHANISM HUMS LOUDLY, AS ADDED POWER IS GENERATED...



THE MAMMOTH CREATURE IS WHIRLED IN THE AIR WITH UNBELIEVABLE EASE! —



—AND SENT HORTLING AGAINST ITS CHARGING MATE!



ELECTRO SMASHES THROUGH A WALL AND CAPTURES THE TWO CRIMINALS...



THE MILITIA AWAITS TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE CAPTIVES...

HERE COMES ELECTRO WITH THOSE CROOKS!



ELECTRO COMPLETES THE RESCUE OF ALL FLOOD VICTIMS...



I'LL HAVE MY MEN KILL THIS PROFESSOR ZOG AND GAIN CONTROL OF THIS BLASTED ELECTRO — WITH IT, I SHALL BECOME THE SUPREME RULER OF THE UNDERWORLD IN ALL AMERICA!



WILL SARPO'S EVIL PLANS COME TRUE?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO PROFESSOR ZOG AND ELECTRO?

READ THE NEXT SMASHING EPISODE OF **ELECTRO** IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **MARVEL COMICS**!

MEANWILE "BOSS" SARPO, THE MOST POWERFUL LEADER IN ORGANIZED GANGDOM, GOES TO PRISON — HOWEVER, HIS CRUEL MIND IS PLOTTING MEANS OF HATEFUL VENGEANCE!

FERRET

SUBWAY

MYSTERY DETECTIVE

BY
STOCKBRIDGE WINSLOW
AND
IRWIN HASEN

DUKE

A SUBWAY TRAIN ROARS
INTO A STATION.....

AS FERRET CLIMBS THE
STAIRS A WOMAN IN
FRONT OF HIM TRIPS.

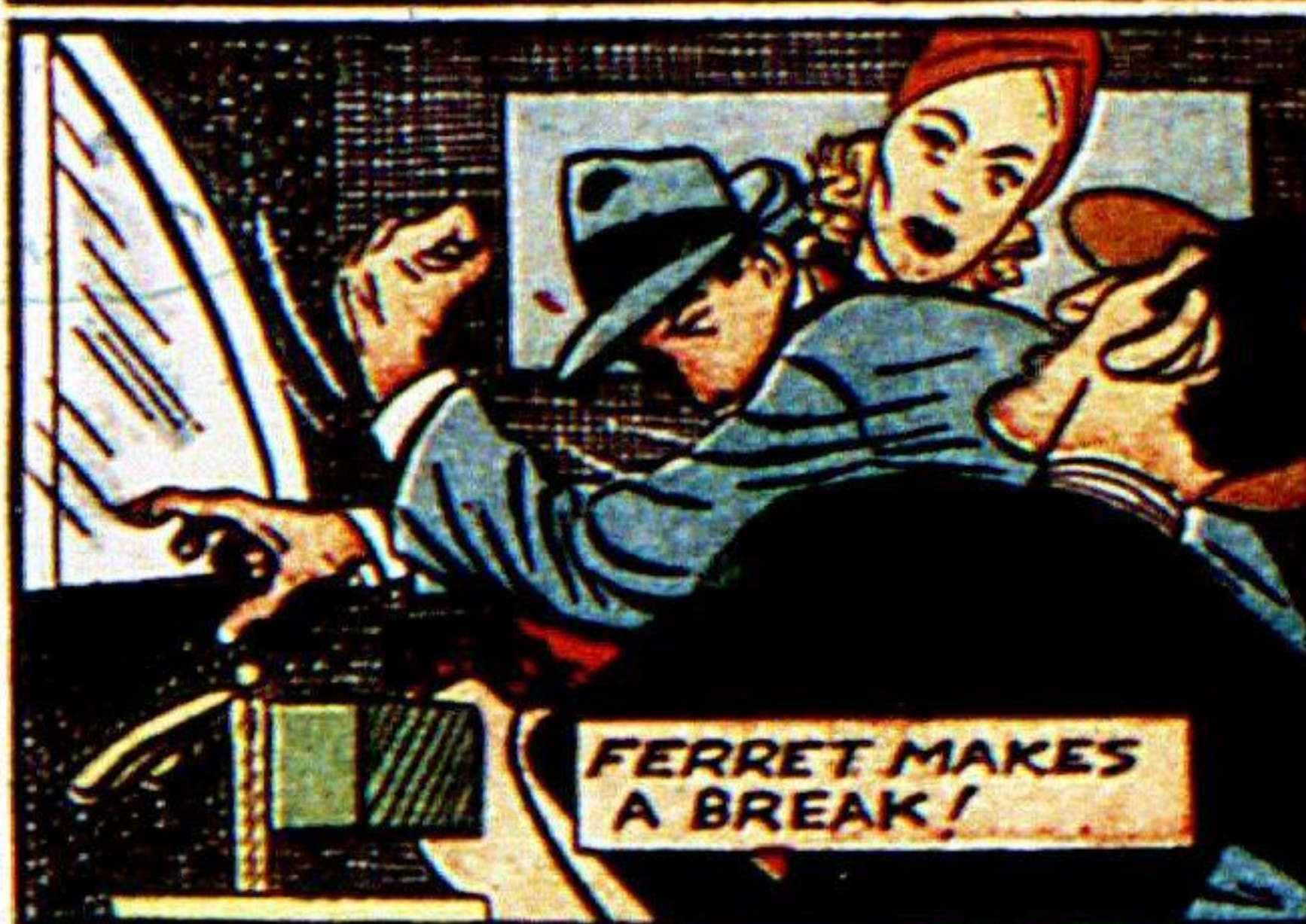
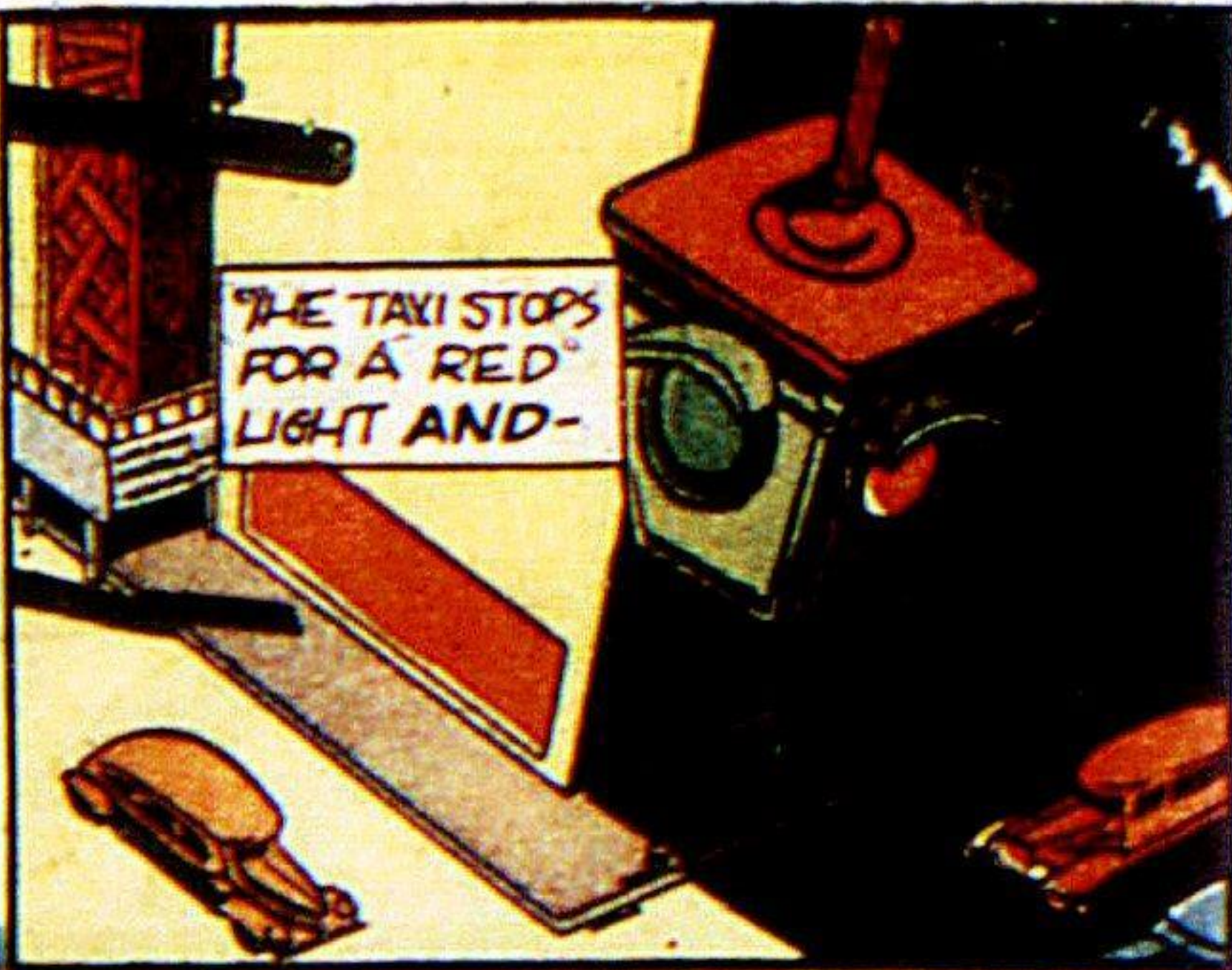
ARE YOU
HURT MISS?

OH-HI! MY DADDY!
I THINK IT'S
BROKEN!

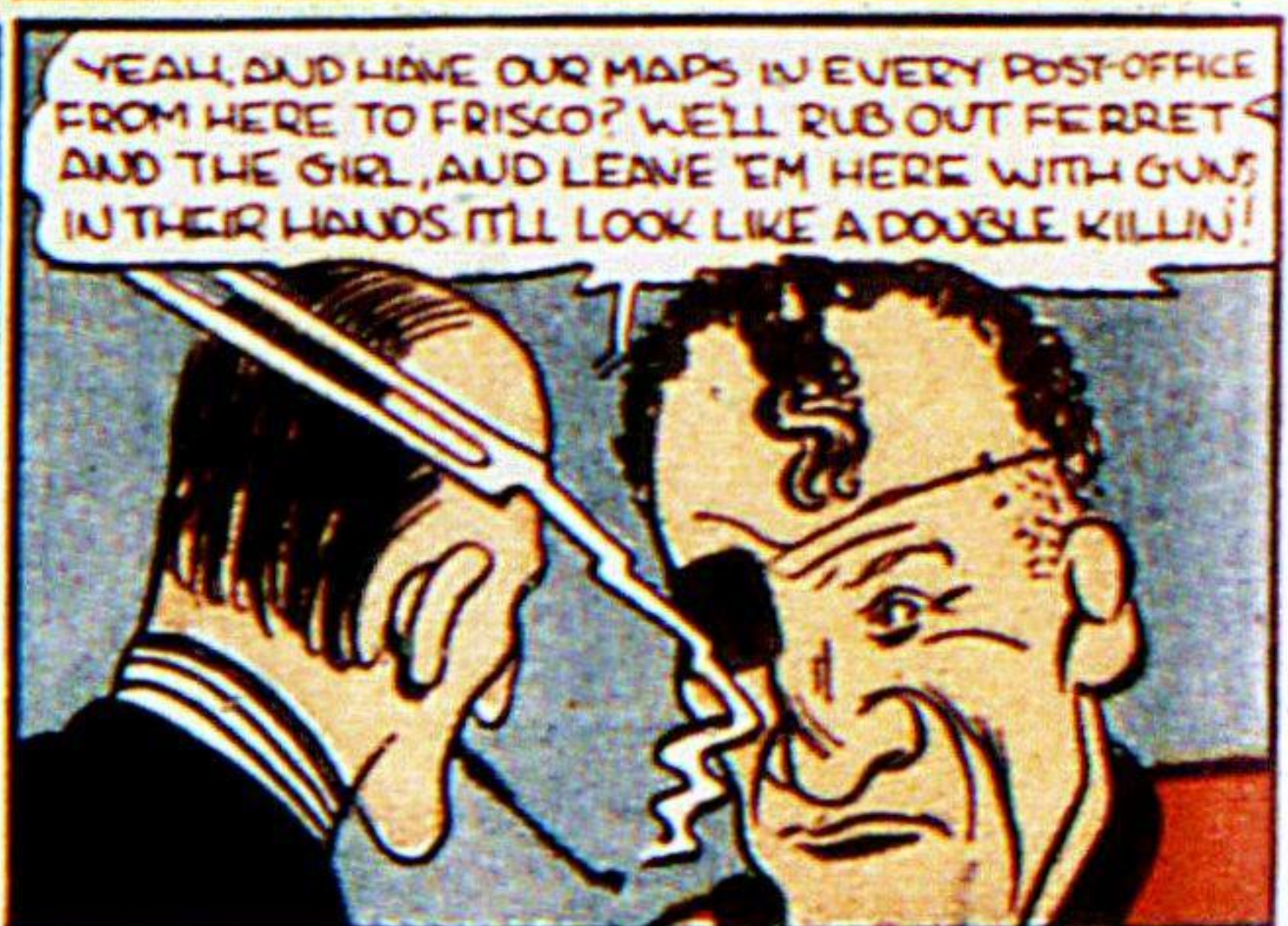
I'LL SEND YOU HOME
IN THE TAXI.

HOP IN BOYFRIEND, WE'RE
GOING FOR A RIDE!

DA









UNARMED AND OUTNUMBERED, FERRET DECIDES TO TAKE A DESPERATE CHANCE.



HE LEAPS DOWN—



—AND OVERPOWERS THE KIDNAPERS!



FERRET RETRIEVES A GUN, AND—



THE MASQUERADE IS OVER, BRODERICK! YOU WERE TOO STRONG FOR A WOMAN, AND WHEN YOU LIT THAT CIGARETTE IN THE TAXI, YOU STRUCK THE MATCH TOWARDS YOU LIKE A MAN, INSTEAD OF AWAY FROM YOU LIKE A WOMAN!



LO COMMISSIONER, THIS IS FERRET. COME OUT TO KNOWLES CASTLE RIGHT AWAY. I'VE GOT A BRILLIANT CAST FOR YOUR LINEUP TOMORROW!



FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF FERRET IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS

ADVENTURES OF

Ben Thompson — 8

KA-ZAR

THE GREAT

• FROM THE FAMOUS CHARACTER •
CREATED BY BOB BYRD •



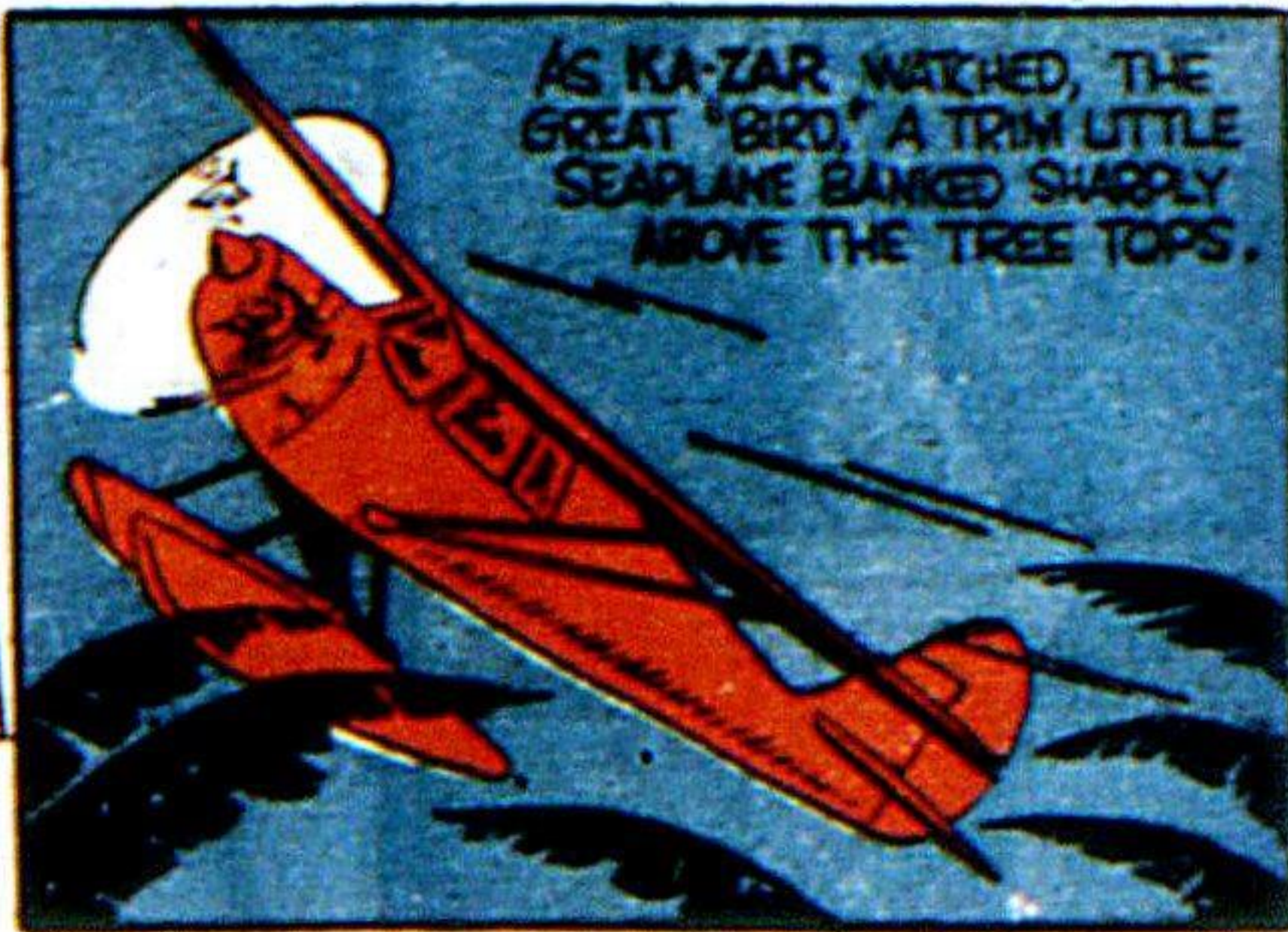
KA-ZAR, A WHITE MAN RAISED IN THE WILD **BELGIAN CONGO** BY **ZAR**, THE LION, AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS PARENTS WHEN HE WAS A SMALL CHILD, HAS ASSUMED THE ROLE OF GUARDIAN OF THE JUNGLE. AND, IN THAT CAPACITY HE IS EVER ON THE ALERT TO KEEP CIVILIZATION FROM CREEPING INTO THE JUNGLE AND DESTROYING THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE FOREST. ALTHOUGH REALIZING THAT HE IS OF THE **OMAN**, OR WHITE RACE, HE DOES NOT RECALL HIS CHILDHOOD WHEN, IN AIRPLANE, HE CRASHED WITH HIS PARENTS AND BECAME LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

ONE DAY, WHILE ON A TRIP THROUGH THE FOREST, HE HEARD A PECULIAR DRONING SOUND IN THE SKY.

IT'S A GREAT BIRD! BUT, NOT PINDAR THE EAGLE, OR KRU THE VULTURE!



AS KA-ZAR WATCHED, THE GREAT "BIRD," A TRIM LITTLE SEAPLANE BANKED SHARPLY ABOVE THE TREE TOPS.

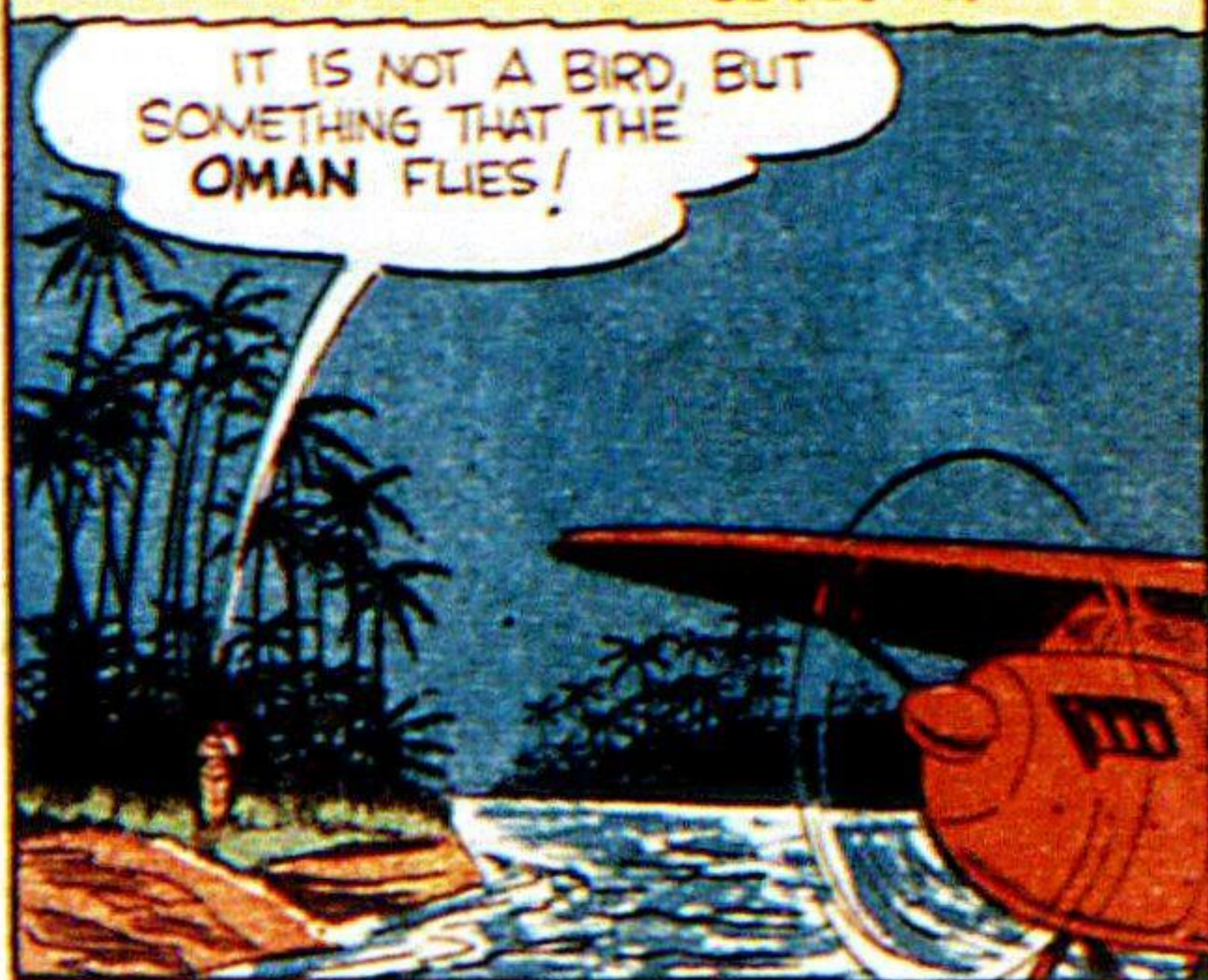


THEN, TO HIS AMAZEMENT, IT LANDED ON THE QUIET WATERS OF A NEARBY LAKE!



AND SO NOT REMEMBERING HIS FATHER'S AIRPLANE, KA-ZAR WATCHES FROM SHORE WITH KEEN INTEREST AND CURIOSITY.

IT IS NOT A BIRD, BUT SOMETHING THAT THE OMAN FLIES!



HE IS ANGERED WHEN THE PILOT CLIMBS OUT OF THE PLANE AND STEPS ASHORE. HIS EVERY EXPERIENCE WITH WHITE PEOPLE HAS BEEN WITH VILLAINS AND KA-ZAR BELIEVES THEY ALL INTEND TO DESPOIL THE JUNGLE.

WE CAN CAMP HERE, PROFESSOR RICE. THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO MOOR THE PLANE



THE OTHERS, PROFESSOR RICE, AND HIS DAUGHTER, MARA, COME TO SHORE AND THE PLANE'S CARGO IS UNLOADED.

WE DIDN'T BRING MUCH LUGGAGE, DAD

IT WILL BE ENOUGH. I ONLY INTEND TO STAY A MONTH.



THE PROFESSOR IS A FAMOUS AND VERY WEALTHY BOTANIST, WHO HAS BEEN FLOWN INTO THE JUNGLE TO SEARCH FOR CERTAIN RARE SPECIES OF PLANT LIFE.



NOW, PILOT, YOU CAN RETURN FOR US IN ONE MONTH

ER-R-R, I HAVE SOME WORK TO DO ON THE PLANE AND MAY NOT BE ABLE TO LEAVE FOR A DAY OR SO!



ALL RIGHT, BUT I ONLY HAVE ENOUGH FOOD TO LAST MY DAUGHTER AND MYSELF ONE MONTH, AND I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE SOONER!

OH, I'LL BE READY TO LEAVE IN A FEW DAYS!



OH, DAD, I'M SURE WE HAVE PLENTY OF SUPPLIES TO LAST US. YOU'RE JUST WORRIED ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO STAY THE WHOLE MONTH HUNTING YOUR FLOWERS!



BUT, THE PROFESSOR DOES NOT KNOW THAT THE PILOT HAS VILLAINOUS INTENTIONS

YOU OLD FOOL! I'LL GIVE YOU A SURPRISE PRETTY SOON!



UNKNOWN TO THE BOTANIST, THE PILOT THAT HE ENGAGED TO FLY HIM INTO THE JUNGLE IS THE RENEGADE FLYER, "RED" SKELTON, WANTED BY THE POLICE OF TWO CONTINENTS FOR DOZENS OF VILLAINOUS CRIMES!

BUT KA-ZAR, WATCHING THE TRIO, IS QUICK TO SENSE THE PILOT'S EVIL CHARACTER!

I DO NOT TRUST THE OMAN WITH THE CRUEL FACE!

FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, KA-ZAR BECAME ANGRY WHEN HE SAW SKELTON TRY TO FORCE HIS ATTENTIONS ON MARA.

LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU SHOULD BE WORKING ON YOUR PLANE!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO BE NICER TO ME?

IT WAS KA-ZAR'S FIRST SIGHT OF A WOMAN AND HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND THE STRANGE EMOTIONS THAT STIRRED IN HIS MIND!

KA-ZAR WAS ABOUT TO LEAP AT SKELTON WHEN PROFESSOR RICE APPEARED

HELLO! MARA... I HAVE JUST FOUND A VERY RARE FLOWER!

IT WILL BE THE MOST VALUABLE ONE IN MY COLLECTION. SAY... PILOT, HAVEN'T YOU REPAIRED YOUR PLANE? IT'S NEARLY A WEEK SINCE WE CAME HERE!

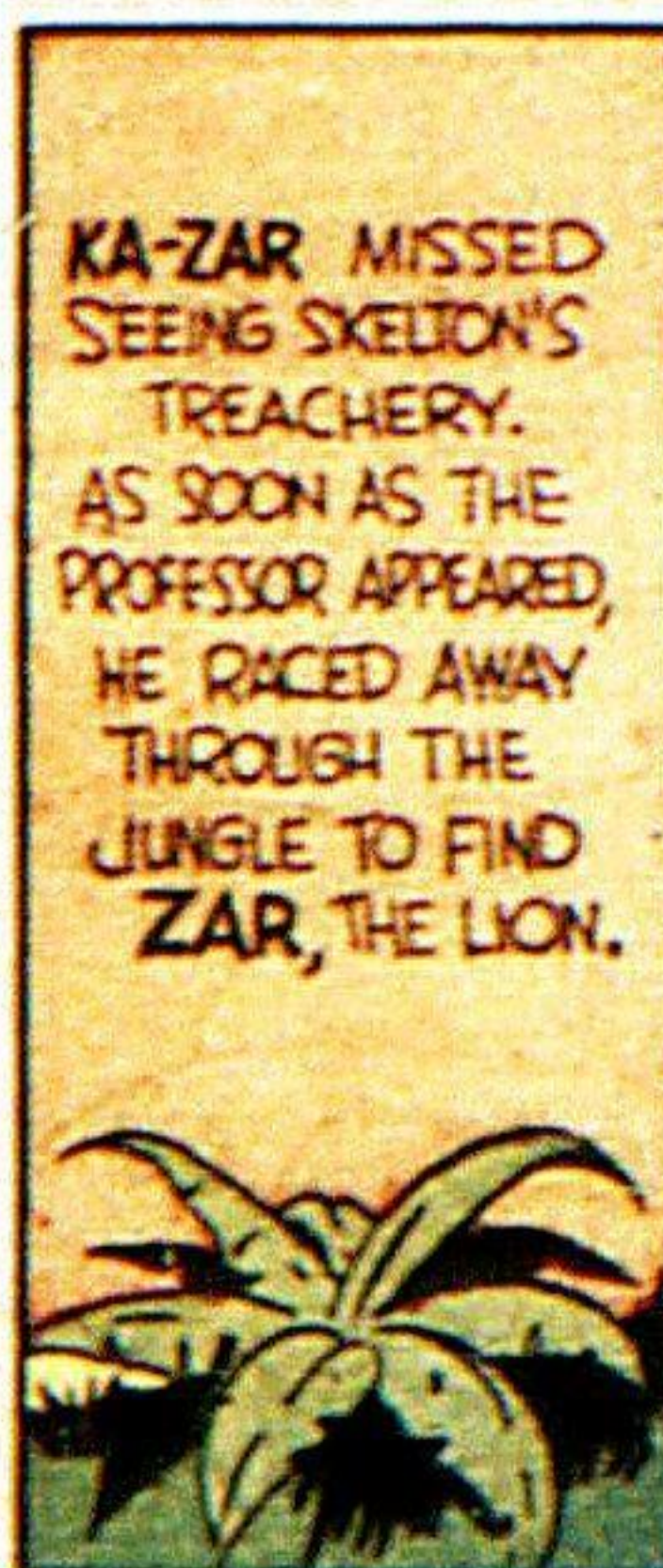
THE OMAN MOLESTS THE BEAUTIFUL FEMALE! I WILL STOP HIM!

WHY, YOU...! I'LL SEE THAT THE PROPER AUTHORITIES HEAR ABOUT THIS!

HAH, HAH! THE POLICE NEVER DID WORRY "RED" SKELTON!

"RED" SKELTON! YOU? THE MURDERER... THIEF... WANTED BY THE POLICE IN LONDON, PARIS AND NEW YORK! THAT ISN'T THE NAME YOU USED WHEN I HIRED YOU!

NO! AS A MATTER OF FACT, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE PLANE! I JUST TRICKED YOU, AND I MIGHT AS WELL LET YOU KNOW NOW WHAT I INTEND TO DO WITH YOU!



ZAR COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THE OMAN COULD FLY!

COME ON . . .
YOU WILL
SEE!



MEANWHILE, THE BOTANIST RECOVERED FROM SKELTON'S CRUEL ATTACK!

NOW, I'M GOING TO
FLY OUT AND LEAVE
YOU HERE . . . AND
NOT COME BACK!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S
MURDER! WE'D STARVE
BEFORE WE COULD FIND
OUR WAY OUT OF THE JUNGLE!



I CAN'T, EH? WELL, SEE
THAT PLANE? ALL I
HAVE TO DO IS GET IN
AND TAKE OFF . . . AND
YOU'LL BE LEFT HERE!
UNLESS . . . YOU WANT TO
LISTEN TO REASON!



SO, THAT'S YOUR GAME!
BLACKMAIL! WELL,
HOW MUCH DO YOU
WANT, SKELTON?
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING
ELSE WE CAN DO!



SIGN THIS PAPER,
AUTHORIZING YOUR BANK
TO PAY ME **ONE
HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS IN CASH!**

YOU'RE
PRICE
IS HIGH!



ALL RIGHT! THERE'S
NOTHING ELSE I
CAN DO. JUST
FLY US OUT
NOW AS FAST
AS YOU CAN!



ONE MORE THING . . . MARA
HERE MUST AGREE TO MARRY
ME WHEN WE GET BACK! IF
NOT . . . I HAVE THE PAPER
YOU SIGNED AND WILL LEAVE YOU
HERE ANYWAY!





SKELTON, YOU DOG!
I'LL DIE HERE IN THE
JUNGLE FIRST!

QUIET, FATHER, I'LL
DO AS HE SAYS...
TO SAVE YOU!

THAT'S BETTER
SENSE!



IN A RAGE,
THE ELDERLY
MAN SPRANG
AT THE
PILOT!



I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY
OWN HANDS!



TERRIFIED, MARA SEES SKELTON RAISE
HIS GUN AND POINT IT AT HER FATHER!

STOP!
DON'T
SHOOT!



WELL, YOU ASKED
FOR THIS AND
HERE IT IS!



THE BOTANIST, A
BULLET THROUGH HIS
HEART, FALLS FORWARD!



IN A PANIC, MARA RUSHES
WILDLY INTO THE JUNGLE!

HE... HE'S KILLED FATHER!
I WON'T FLY
BACK WITH
HIM!



FROM A DISTANT CLIFF IN
THE JUNGLE, KAZAR HEARS THE SHOT!

IT IS THE NOISE OF THE THUNDER
STICK!



THAT WAS FROM THE CAMP
OF THE OMAN.... I WILL
HURRY TO LEARN WHAT
HAS HAPPENED!

MEANWHILE, SKELTON SEARCHES FOR MARA!

SO, SHE THINKS SHE CAN ESCAPE ME IN THE JUNGLE! I WILL FIND HER!



KA-ZAR FINDS THE MURDERED BOTANIST!

HE'S DEAD... AND THE OTHERS ARE GONE!



THESE TRACKS SHOW THAT THE FEMALE WAS FLEEING!... PURSUED BY THE EVIL OMAN!



ZAR.... FOLLOW THESE TRACKS AND SEE THAT NO HARM COMES TO HER!



I'M GOING TO EXAMINE THE "BIRD" THAT BROUGHT THEM HERE!



KA-ZAR GETS INSIDE THE PLANE!

THIS IS STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS! WHY DOES IT FLY?

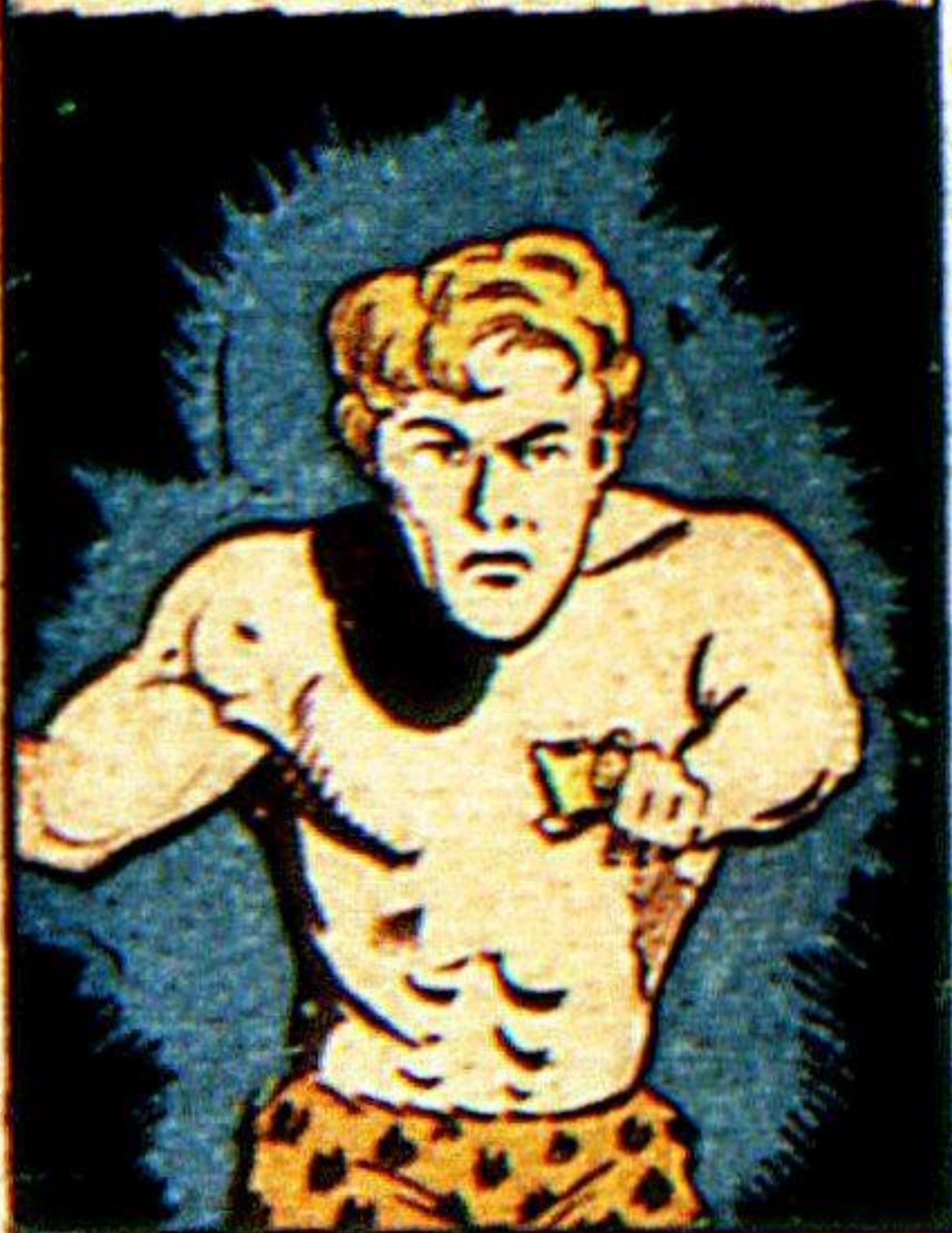


HE PICKS UP A SMALL OBJECT FROM THE FLOOR...

THE OMAN HAVE MANY STRANGE THINGS... I WONDER WHAT THIS IS?



THE OBJECT WAS A SMALL METAL CIGARETTE LIGHTER.



KA-ZAR SPUN THE WHEEL ACCIDENTALLY AGAINST THE FLINT!



INSTANTLY, THE WICK LIGHTED! 8

WHAT IS THIS?



THE JUNGLE MAN THREW THE LIGHTER AWAY WHEN IT BURNED HIS FINGERS!



THE LIGHTER LANDED ON THE FLOOR IN A PILE OF OILY RAGS!



ALMOST INSTANTLY, THE INTERIOR OF THE PLANE WAS ABLAZE!



KA-ZAR DOVE FROM THE PLANE INTO THE LAKE!



AND, IN THE JUNGLE SKELTON SEES THE SMOKE RISING ABOVE THE TREES!

FIRE! FROM CAMP... IT MUST BE THE PLANE!



MARA ALSO SEES THE SMOKE



IT'S A
FIRE!

IT IS THE PLANE! I CAN'T
SAVE IT! WHO COULD
HAVE STARTED THE FIRE?



SKELTON SEES MARA AT THE
EDGE OF THE JUNGLE,
WATCHING THE FIRE!

I KNOW NOW WHO DID IT!
IT WAS YOU ... AND I'LL
GET EVEN!



BURNING THAT PLANE
MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR US
TO LEAVE. BUT, THERE ARE
ENOUGH SUPPLIES HERE
FOR ONE TO GET
OUT ON FOOT! SO,
I'M GOING TO
SHOOT YOU!



OH, NO YOU AREN'T!
I DON'T LIKE
YOU AND I'M
GOING TO PUNISH YOU
FOR KILLING
THE OMAN!



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU
ARE BUT, THERE'S
A BULLET IN HERE
FOR YOU, TOO!



THE BULLET MISSES ITS MARK
AND KA-ZAR GRABS THE
MURDEROUS SKELTON AND
PLUNGES HIS SHARP KNIFE
INTO THE MAN'S THROAT!



YOU'VE SAVED
ME! BUT,
WHO ARE
YOU?

I AM KA-ZAR,
BROTHER OF ZAR
THE LION. THE
JUNGLE IS MY
HOME!



UNAFRAID,
MARA GOES TO
KA-ZAR.

I WANT TO MAKE THE JUNGLE MY HOME TOO! MY FATHER IS GONE, AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO RETURN TO CIVILIZATION



LIFE IN THE JUNGLE WOULD BE TOO HARD FOR YOU! I MUST FIND SOME WAY FOR YOU TO REACH YOUR HOME AGAIN!



AT THAT MOMENT, ZAR DASHED OUT OF THE JUNGLE



"TRAJAH COMES WITH A MESSAGE FOR YOU!"

IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE JUNGLE BEASTS, KA-ZAR LEARNED THAT A LARGE CARAVAN OF WHITE MEN WAS PASSING THROUGH JUNGLE

GOOD, I WILL SEND HER BACK WITH THEM!



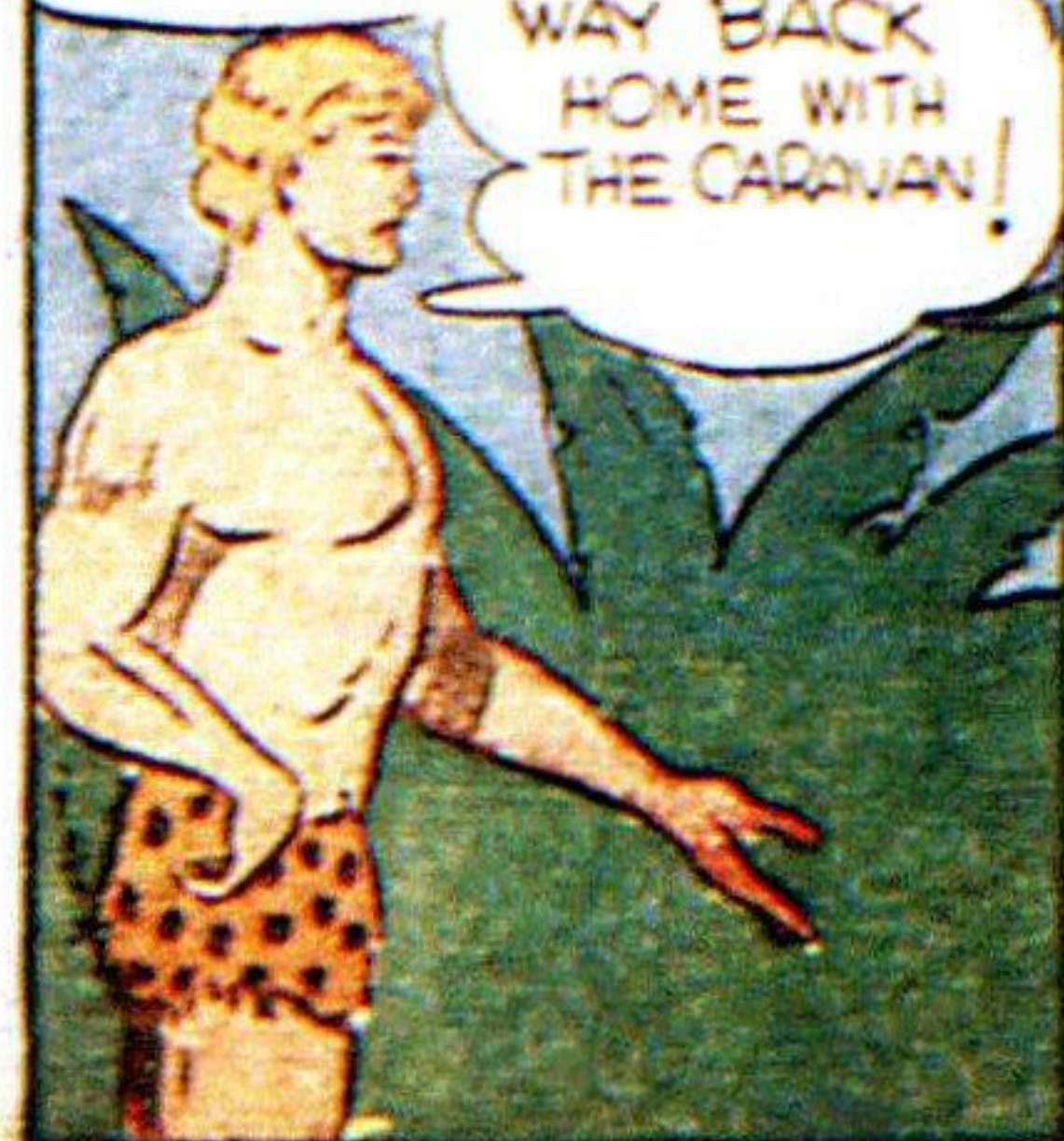
BUT, MARA DID NOT WANT TO GO...



PLEASE LET ME STAY! DON'T SEND ME BACK TO CIVILIZATION... I WANT TO REMAIN HERE!



NO...YOU MUST GO. YOU WOULD NOT BE HAPPY HERE. TRAJAH WILL CARRY US TO WHERE I CAN SEE YOU SAFELY ON YOUR WAY BACK HOME WITH THE CARAVAN!



SO, KA-ZAR ON TRAJAH'S BACK, TOOK MARA TO THE CARAVAN.



NEXT MONTH!
MORE
KA-ZAR
ADVENTURES
IN
MARVEL COMICS!

BILL, YOU SURE HAVE A SWELL BUILD! DID YOU TRAIN FOR A LONG TIME?

ABSOLUTELY NOT! THE ATLAS DYNAMIC TENSION SYSTEM MAKES MUSCLES GROW FAST!

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Charles Atlas

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MEN—Meet J. G. O'Brien, of California, one of my 'Silver Cup Winners! Look at that strong neck—those broad, handsome, perfectly proportioned shoulders—that muscled chest and stomach. Read what he says: "Look at me NOW! Dynamic Tension WORKS! I'm proud of the natural, easy way you have made me an 'Atlas Champion!'" —J. G. O'Brien.

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This valuable cup stands about 14" high on a black mahogany base. I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months.

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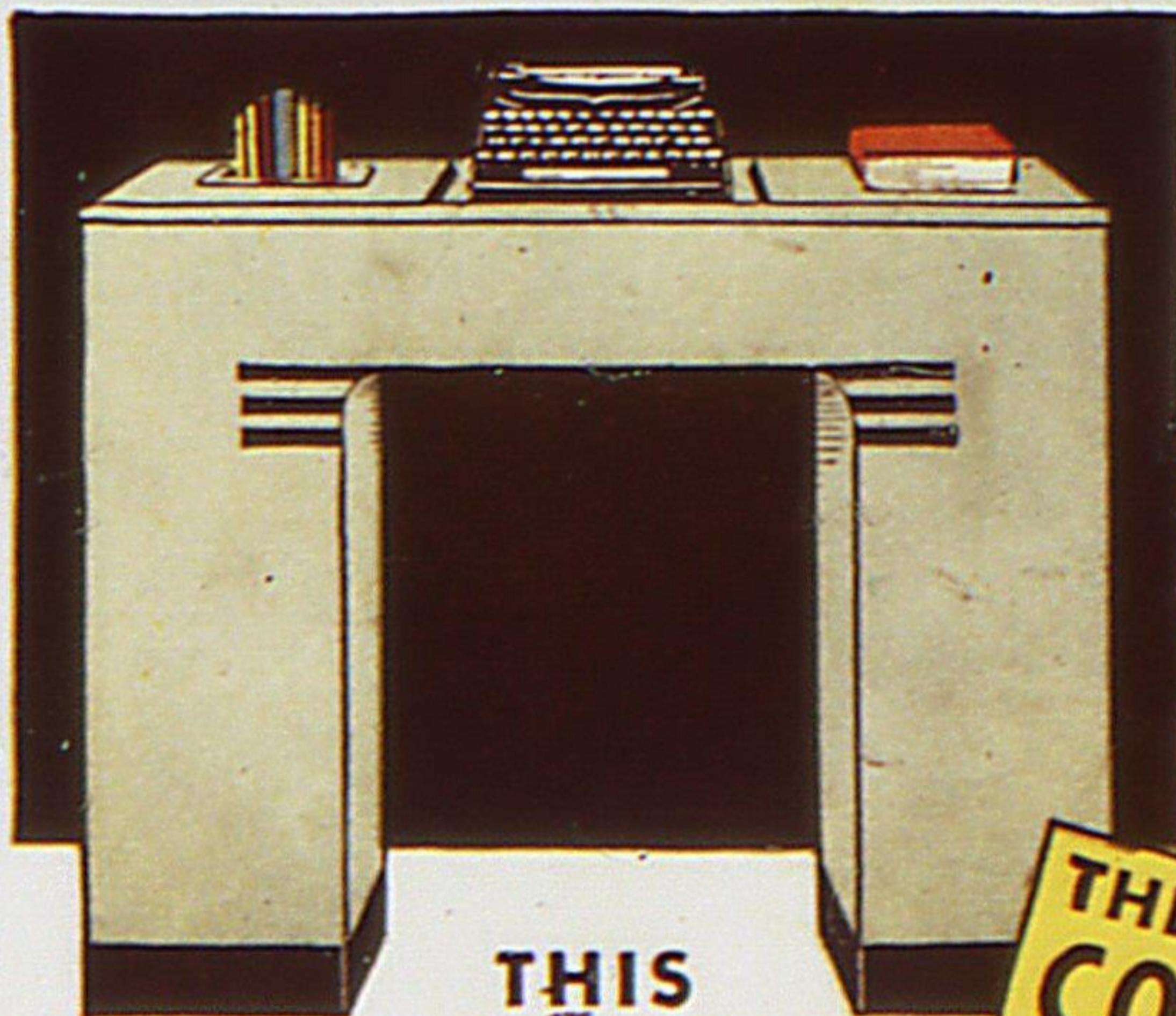
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Address _____

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